

THE
Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 60

OCTOBER, 1925

NO. 10





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SAY THAT YOU SAW IT IN THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

“Where’s My Teacher?

“Where is my teacher this morning?”

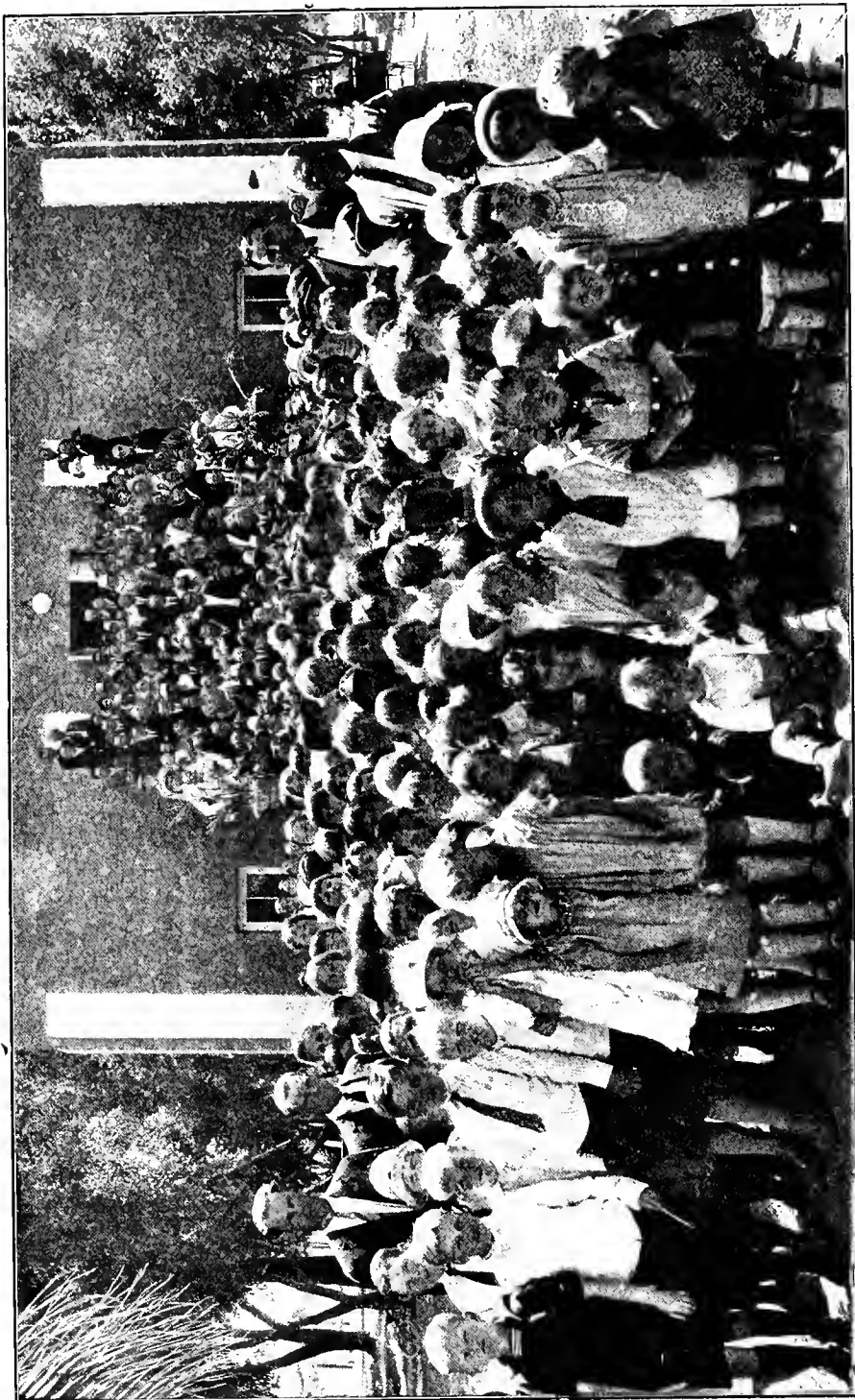
She was only a child of six years,
But her sweet face was doubtful and troubled,
In her eyes a suggestion of tears.

“I brought her some beautiful flowers,
This morning it’s my turn to pray.
She promised she’d help me to do it,
Why isn’t she with us today?
Where’s my teacher?”

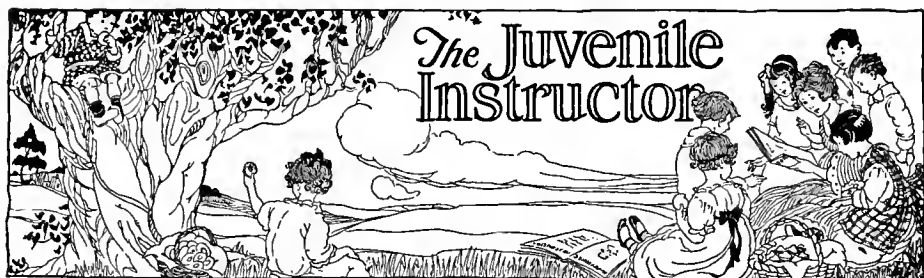
And where was the teacher that morning?
Was it pleasure that took her away
From the children who trusted and loved her,
And who missed her, that bright Sabbath Day?
She had sent in no reason for absence—
Had teaching become such a task
That she no longer cared for the children,
Or wondered if any would ask,
Where’s my teacher?”

Oh teachers—Sunday School teachers!
Your classes depend on you so.
Remember, their eyes are upon you,
They see you wherever you go.
Of you, they create an ideal—
You’re teaching them something each day.
Be careful you don’t disappoint them—
Don’t give them occasion to say:—
Where’s my teacher?”

—S. A. Purrington, Twin Falls, Idaho.



LATTER-DAY SAINTS' SUNDAY SCHOOL, MESA THIRD WARD, MARICOPA STAKE, ARIZONA
FRANCIS K. POMEROY, Superintendent



A Perfect Tribute

Her first name just suited her. If it had been made to order it could not have more perfectly connoted her character. She was a real Pearl. Knowing the fitness of the name she was given when she was christened, it is not necessary to mention the cue which came to her by inheritance.

A quiet village in northeastern Arizona was her birthplace. Here she grew to girlhood among sober-minded, earnest folk. Her parents were devout Latter-day Saints, who taught their children to have sincere faith in the infinite goodness and the sustaining power of God.

At fifteen Pearl became a teacher in Sunday School. She entered upon this high calling with the earnestness and enthusiasm of the true teacher. Her deep convictions, her interesting way of telling things, and her sincere love for her pupils, greatly endeared her to all the members of her class. All who came under her tutelage learned to love her sincerely.

One day a deep sorrow came to the home of one of her pupils, a seven-year-old boy. The little fellow's mother died suddenly. On the day of the funeral the bereaved boy was taken to the cemetery and witnessed his mother consigned to the cold ground. Upon his return to his home he felt utterly lonely and disconsolate. He went into a room by himself and wept bitterly. Between sobs he was heard to say: "I wish Pearl was here."

This boy's fervent wish contains a perfect tribute to a Sunday School teacher. For that teacher who, by the gentleness of her spirit, and the beauty of her teachings, can win a place in a boy's heart, second only to that of the boy's mother, is a most successful instructor.—*Nephi Jensen.*

The Quinby Medal

By *Elsie C. Carroll*

II

There was excitement in the Kirkdall family as they all prepared to go to school to hear the contest. Freddie knew that his parents were proud of the fact that he had been selected as one of the finals. He knew that they did not expect him to win, and that they both hoped Tom Hendricks would come out ahead. This made him feel mean toward them. Why should they take it for granted Tom was brighter than he?

The school room was packed. There was a buzz of anticipation as the president of the Chamber of Commerce took his place on the platform. He invited the school teacher and the contestants to take their places beside him. Freddie was surprised to see Tom, his freckled face shining with anticipation, emerge from the jam near the door and elbow his way to the stage.

Perhaps he had his notes and had copied the essay again. Freddie's hopes sank. Of course Tom would manage to come out on top. He always did.

The congregation and students sang, "The Star Spangled Banner." The pastor offered prayer and then the chairman announced that the boys would read their essays in the following order: "Edwin Merkley, Frederick Kirkdall, Wells Patterson, Thomas Hendricks and Harold Fielding." There was an appreciative hush as Ed took his place. He read through to the end of a creditable paper and received hearty applause. But Freddie was sure his own effort was superior; and when he was through, the louder and longer handclapping made that assurance stronger still. Wells had a credit-

able paper, but it lacked spontaneity and polish. It was like Wells himself, solid and worthwhile, but had nothing of sparkle and brilliancy.

There was a hush of excitement when it came Tom's turn. He rose from the place he had been sitting beside Wells, and took his place before the audience. Then he reached into his pocket. His freckled face went white. He fumbled again and searched his outside pockets. Freddie knew what was going on without looking directly at Tom. He felt a queer choking in his own throat as Tom's amazed, agonized face turned to the group behind him. He didn't know whether he was glad or sorry for what he had done, when Tom after another futile search blurted out in a dry, choked voice, "I—I've lost it," and stumbled in disappointment and humiliation back to his seat.

There was a whispered consultation between the President of the Chamber of Commerce and the teacher. Then the former arose and expressed his regret at the accident which had deprived one of the contestants of competing, and announced that Harold Fielding would be the final speaker.

Harold's essay lacked the quality which some of his work possessed. The muse who sometimes blessed him with her inspiring presence had failed him on this occasion and Freddie knew that the only one of the quintet he had feared besides Tom had been no rival at all. It was plain to him that he would be declared winner. But strangely enough, the joy of the anticipation had all vanished. He suddenly loathed himself. Tom Hendrick's paper seemed to be burning into his very soul. How he wished the floor, the

earth itself would open and swallow him. He was not fit to breathe the same air as Tom Hendricks.

How could he ever clear himself? Great beads of sweat had come on his forehead. He was in agony of self loathing and degradation. What would his mother, his father, the fellows and teacher think?

The chairman had asked the previously appointed judges to send up their decisions. Deliberately he consulted them and then took the platform and congratulated the school in general and the boys participating in particular, and finally uttered the words Freddie dreaded to hear.

"It is the unanimous decision of the judges that the award shall go to Frederick Kirkdall. In offering this prize the Chamber of Commerce has one big objective. It is to encourage a high type of citizenship among the young people of our community, and we feel sure that these young men who have so excellently outlined the essentials in the training for citizenship are themselves all examples to whom we may look with pride. To the winner, Frederick—" But he was stopped. Freddie, his face ashen with the torture going on within him, sprang to his feet and shouted:

"Don't, please don't. I'm not the winner. I'm a low down sneak. Here is the winning paper—I—found it—and didn't give it back—"

There was a hush like death over the crowded room. Freddie saw his father and mother start up in amazement. He saw Mr. Quinby, donor of the Quinby medal, which had been indirectly responsible for all his shame, turn and speak to a man beside him; and then the faces before him began to dance and blur. He stumbled to the side of the platform on which Tom sat and held out the fateful paper.

"Tom, can you forgive me—I—

wanted to be a winner like you and I have been a low down sneak."

Teacher stood up and caught Freddie's swaying figure and drew him down on the bench to save him from falling.

When his mind cleared again Tom was almost to the end of his paper. His voice rang with the conviction of what he read as he showed how boys and girls in the everyday little acts of life at home and at school found their only opportunities for becoming good citizens.

The applause that greeted the close of his reading made it unnecessary for the judges to act. The scholarship was given to him and another burst of applause shook the room.

Before this had died out a voice from the rear of the room asked permission to speak.

"All right, Mr. Quinby," assented the chairman.

Mr. Quinby made his way to the platform, everyone wondering what was coming now.

He faced the audience and cleared his throat:

"Friends: Perhaps you are all aware that I give an honor medal for acts of unusual heroism exhibited in this county. I have a committee to decide upon who are deserving of this medal and to arrange for the presentation. Heretofore, that medal has been given only for acts of physical courage. But today we have seen an act of supreme moral courage and without consulting my committee I wish to state that a Quinby medal will this day be ordered for Frederick Kirkdall; and that hereafter the Quinby medal will include moral heroism as well as unusual acts of physical courage; for moral courage is higher in the scale of real heroism." He turned and stretched out his hand to the dazed Freddie who was pinching himself to see if he were not dreaming.

"Congratulations, my boy. We all have our fights in this life, but we don't all have the courage to confess our wrong—especially at a time like this." Again the room shook with applause. Freddie saw

his mother sobbing into her handkerchief; and he could see that his father's face was shining. Someone was gripping his arm. He looked around into Tom's radiant, freckled face.

The Newcomer

By S. E. McCahey, for National Kindergarten Association

"Come on! Come on in and listen to my radio!" but the scuffle that followed showed that the reluctant one had made his escape.

"He won't go into anybody's house—just runs home and sticks there—well, let him!" and Robert Dunn slammed the front door in disgust as he entered his home.

"He's strange, Sonny, wait until he gets better acquainted," comforted his grandmother. "He came from the far west and is strange to our city and its ways." For wise Grandmother had already divined that the young stranger who had come to their neighborhood some months previous had made a happy impression on her impetuous grandson whose friendly overtures were not meeting with the success he would have liked.

"He's the same with everybody, even Teacher can't make him talk," complained Robert.

"How can she teach him?" asked Grandmother.

"She can't. He just sits there and looks, and says never a word, and they can't keep the whole class back for him. They are going to put him in 'special'."

"Oh, I hope not! He is a bright boy and should stay with his grade." And the woman who had brought up three sons of her own and was now mothering this seven-year-old grandson, grew thoughtful.

A few minutes later she was in Mrs. Myer's little sitting room explaining to the newcomer that the placing of her little son, Harry, in

"special" meant a step backward for him.

"I can't make out why he won't talk at school," said the mother exasperatedly. "He talks well enough around here, but in school, they tell me, he's dumb."

"What is the difference between his surroundings here and in Iowa?" asked Mrs. Dunn kindly, feeling sure that Mrs. Meyer would understand her interest.

"It was a farm there, and it's a city here, but he has always adapted himself easily to his surroundings in cities we have visited."

"There is a difference. You see he has been living here steadily for nearly a year and has been completely uprooted from his old life. Did he ever seem to be interested in any one thing to the exclusion of others in his Iowa home?"

"I never noticed. There were horses, cows, sheep, farm pets; he took them all casually enough. But, yes!" suddenly, "he *loved* his rabbits!"

"I've brought up three sons, will you lend me your little boy occasionally? You see, my Robert is fond of him, and they make ideal playmates."

"If you can make him talk and answer his teacher, I'll be grateful," said Harry Meyer's mother.

Robert Dunn was surprised at his grandmother's gift the next day—a pure white rabbit with eyes as pink as a summer evening sky.

"What do you think, Grandmother? Harry is coming in to see my

rabbit!" Robert burst out as he pushed open the door that night.

"He's lovely, isn't he?" asked Grandmother picking up the little white beauty and putting him into Harry's eagerly outstretched arms. "You love rabbits?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Harry sturdily.

"Did you ever own any?" asked gentle Grandmother.

"Yes ma'am — seventeen — and some hares."

"Oh," said Grandmother innocently, "is there much difference between a hare and a rabbit?"

"Course there is," said Harry eagerly, "rabbits are smaller and have shorter ears—they burrow—hares don't. Hares can run faster than rabbits."

"Oh," said Grandmother again.

Robert Dunn carried a note to his teacher the next day which read:

"Dear Miss Reid:—

Regarding your problem in connection with Harry Meyer, try 'Rabbits.'

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) M. H. Dunn."

"It's the funniest thing," confided Robert Dunn to his grandmother the following evening when they were alone, "Miss Reid asked Harry today how many rabbits he would have if he had five and she gave him five more."

"Yes," said Grandmother, "and what did he say,"

"He gave the right answer, 'Ten rabbits.' Then she asked him how many he'd have if a boy took three rabbits away from his ten rabbits, and he said, 'Seven,' but that if he *really* had ten rabbits and anybody took three away from him, there would be a fight!"

One might come to be very clever and capable and efficient and yet not to be very wise. The real wisdom must surely be some special gift for seeing the right relationship of things; some special ability to understand the true meanings of life and of the things that happen in it; some deep insight into reality that will enable us to put things about where they belong. The man who is spending his days in a mad, feverish haste to be rich cannot be a wise man, for that, manifestly, is not what life is for. The man who shuts his eyes and his soul to all beauty and joy and gladness of life must surely be a fool, for what was life given all these things if not for our delight and use! And if life isn't giving us the wisdom of a broadening vision and a deepening insight, what is it giving us that is worth while?—*The Christian Guardian*.



Temperance M. K. Parry

By Harold H. Jenson.

Although homage is being paid to the pioneers of Utah, when future histories are written, pages will be devoted to the sacrifices made by the women,



who deserve to share equal honors with the men in making this desert wilderness "blossom as the rose." Utah has had some remarkable women. Not only have they gained importance nationally, but their records will long live after them. There are, however, many humble souls whose history or deeds of self sacrifice for others will never be told. It is hard to get them to tell their stories, for after all, they say, "actions speak louder than words."

They seem to want to forget the days of yesterday in the joys of today. The younger generation too little appreciate the work of their ancestors in making it possible for them to have the many opportunities that are here.

In order to give an insight into the lives of such women, who have been but little spoken of in public print, the writer for this number of the "Juvenile Instructor" will tell the story of Mrs. Temperance M. K. Parry of Daggett, Utah, whom he interviewed at the Pioneer Diamond Jubilee Celebration.

Mrs. Parry was a pioneer of 1847, and was born in Nauvoo, Sept. 13, 1844. She recalled vividly the early struggles, told in an all too modest style, but let her tell her story in her own words, which as she termed it, "was anything but pleasant."

"My parents, Isaac C. Haight and Eliza Haight, came to the valley in Daniel Spencer's company, having one ox team, a cow, and one year's provisions. We first lived in the old fort. James Brinkerhoff and family were our neighbors.

"The first grain was cut with a cradle, and threshed with flails. We were put on rations the day after arrival, as everything was scant. I wonder how many children of today know what it is to be on rations, to not have all you want to eat. Food was scarce in those days, and very wisely those in charge rationed out what was necessary for the upkeep of the human body. Each child in a family was allowed so much, and no more. We knew better than to ask for it, and often went hunting sego roots to appease our appetites between meals. Our first home was in a little log cabin with dirt floor. All were poor alike, and food substitutes were wild onions and roots. The

heads of families were allowed one acre and a half for farming.

"My first teacher was Aunt Zina Sawyers, and our education was meager. Doctors were also scarce in those early days. Universities were unknown. I still remember that one book served a class of fourteen. I am safe in saying that we lived in this country many years before we saw any real money. The first I remember seeing was a twenty-five cent "shin plaster," as they called them.

"Our dancing was unique. First, it was necessary to consult the bishop, and if he consented, we appointed a second committee to attend to the lights and invitation fees. A candle each for the boys used to be the entrance charge, with a peck of wheat to pay the fiddlers. All arrangements were made for a certain night, and hail, rain or windy weather did not interfere. And what a good time we had! No wall flowers; all were happy. Old and young mixed together, and we were proud to dance or be honored by having our parents ask us to dance with them. There was no need of introductions, for everybody knew everyone else, and a stranger within our gates was made to feel very welcome. I remember how one Easterner who happened to be passing through, who was not a "Mormon," said he could not understand how such wonderful hospitality was possible. He could not keep off this subject of conversation, and when back east, sent letters in appreciation of the cordial treatment received. We had no picked crowds then, but all joined in the merriment and danced until the wee small hours of the morning.

"We used to live close to our neighbors in those days, and loved them as we did ourselves, trying to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

"We were dependent upon each other, and when we had plenty, we shared with those less fortunate. There were hard days, and hard years. Sometimes the crops were not so good, and other times there was plenty, but the few first years were the worst.

"No one will ever know the poverty and suffering that many endured. Try to picture leaving beautiful homes in the east, coming westward to a wilderness, and then trying to establish a home, and above all, being contented. This may seem strange, but it is true that I never heard any complaints. Instead of curses on the lips of those who labored from early until late to till the hard soil, there were prayers of thanksgiving. We were very prayerful in those days, for we realized that God was our only friend.

"Today I wonder if the younger generation realize what they enjoy. Look around you at the many opportunities. Grasp them while they are here. Above all, try not to think yourselves better than someone else. That is one thing that pioneer life taught us. When a person became proud and haughty, it was not long before, as scripture says, 'great was the fall thereof.' Kind words also mean much, in fact it was these greetings from the heart that kept us going when we were ready to give up. Our leaders set the example and did just as much to help instill brotherly and sisterly love as they possibly could."

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare.

And he who has an enemy will meet him everywhere.

—From the Arabic.

The After-School Lunch

Marion Brownfield, for National Kindergarten Association.

"I want some meat, I want some meat!" came the wild Indian tones of a boy as he rushed into the living room after school, much to the discomfort of his mother who was entertaining a caller.

"You can't have it," she retorted. "Be quiet."

"But I'm hungry," persisted the boy.

"Well then, go and get some crackers," said his mother, glad of the excuse to send him off.

All children are beset with an after-school hunger that is perfectly natural. The problem is how to give them something wholesome that will not interfere with the regular meals. At another time this same boy with both hands full of cake passed through the room where his sister was practicing her piano lesson.

"Why, Ted!" she exclaimed half enviously, "you know you can't have that cake. Mother made it for supper."

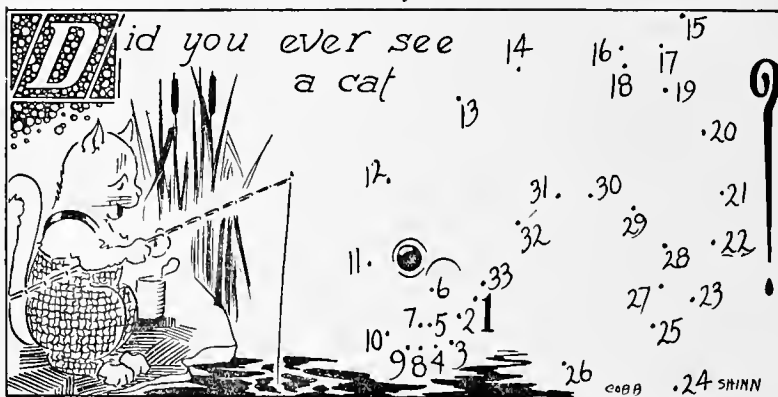
But Ted, delighted with his prize, rushed out before her protests should interfere with his enjoyment of the cake.

Raids on the ice box, cupboard and jam jar are all the results of thoughtlessness of either Mother or the child.

The child who knows he can always have something to eat after school does not resort to such lawless measures.

One clever mother has solved the problem. She does not insist that these between-meal snacks shall be bread and butter or an apple; she has a little system of surprises. In a certain place in the kitchen there are three paper plates awaiting the three children each afternoon. Often there is fruit there; a bunch of grapes, an orange, a banana or some figs. Frequently there are a couple of crackers. Sometimes these are spread with peanut butter if they are plain crackers. Perhaps they will be of different kinds; there may be a fig bar and a graham cracker. Perhaps there will be an apple, and a walnut to crack. Even left-overs are enjoyed as a surprise; bread pudding, an ear of corn, a tomato or scraps made into an interesting sandwich sometimes greets the youngsters. As a real treat, the left-over may be cake! Because it is understood that the luncheon must be eaten "as is" with no requests for more until meal time, the plan relieves the mother of a great deal of teasing and it also prevents the temptation to dip into food prepared for a coming meal.

Daffodilly Dots



Draw a line from dot 1 to 2, etc. up to 33, and see the result.



MARY'S KALEIDOSCOPE

BY · JOHN ~~~ HENRY ~ EVANS



THE EIGHTH TURN

Mary was very tired. She had been walking all day in the heat and dust of the new-made prairie roads. Since half-past seven in the morning she had walked, behind or in front or on the side of the wagon, without any rest, to speak of, except a two hour's nooning period for the oxen. And even she had to help most of the time with the children, keeping them good-natured, or with the simple meal, or seeing that the Inspector, who was still weak and unable to work very much, did not get cheated out of his dinner by the other oxen who took advantage of his weakness instead of helping him along.

And so Mary, as I say, was weary till every muscle and bone ached. She did not say so, however, to any one, not even to Mrs. Wimble, although that sharp lady had very strong suspicions of Mary's condition and feelings. Mrs. Wimble it was who saw that the three oxen and the cow did their duty by one another along the wagon tracks, Mr. Wimble being engaged in the general work of supervising things, he being captain of the company, as you remember. Whenever the canary bird could spare a moment from her regular task, she threw her adopted daughter a sympathetic look.

"How are you, Mary dear?" she would ask.

"Oh, I'm all right, thank you, Mrs. Wimble," Mary would reply.

And then Mrs. Wimble, ignoring the cheerful words and looking back of them: "Before long now we shall be camping for the night, Mary dear."

This constant walking sounds very

romantic today, as romantic as it looked to Mary through her Kaleidoscope when she sat down that time on the stool in front of her mother's fire-place and pictured the whole of the journey in that wonderful toy, where are only pleasant things. It was lots of fun at first, for everything was new—the open prairie, with no houses or trees or anything to break up the landscape; the funny way of traveling, oxen and dusty roads and all that; the bunch-grass, the occasional wild flower beds, and the low shrubbery; but especially the prairie-dog towns, with hundreds of holes into which hundreds of these quick, little animals, brown and short-bodied and chub-headed, ran whenever any danger threatened; or the big herds of awkward buffaloes that sometimes roamed too close to the camps.

But as time wore on and the newness of things wore off, it was different. The prairie was not like the sea, changing always in form and color and presenting, like the pieces of glass in the Kaleidoscope, new scenes all the time, no matter how many turns you gave it. For the sky and the ground and the bunch-grass and the dog-towns were always about the same. The only alteration in the face of things was when a storm blew up and wet things or tore down the tents and tried to discourage the pioneers from their undertaking by making life disagreeable, till the sun came out again from behind the clouds and made everybody happier than they had been before and more determined than ever to carry on.

* * *

Night time came at last, however,

in spite of everything, when Mary and everyone could rest. Night time, with its great arching sky, studded with bright stars, with its cool, dustless air, and with such a great quiet as went to your heart.

Always, Mary looked forward to these nights for another reason—they were joyful.

On this particular night, before sun-down, the wagons pulled up in a half-circle against the Platte river. Each wagon was interlocked with every other wagon, the tongue and front wheel of one being close to the hind wheel of another, so as to leave no space big enough for an animal to get in or out. For all the animals, after they had been out feeding, are put into this half-circle for safe-keeping. It was always great sport to help round up the cattle and horses, when it was possible, and drive them into the inclosure through the only opening there was in the half-circle.

That night, for supper, Mary had her first taste of buffalo meat, and it came about in this way:

During the day some one in one of the front wagons shouted, "Look out for the buffaloes!" From mouth to mouth the cry was passed along back to the last wagon. Every one was astir with excitement. Not for a considerable time, though, was the herd visible to many in the train, and when it was, it gave them all a good scare, for it was making straight for them from the north, and they were going west. There must have been ten thousand of them in the herd. Mary was surprised when Captain Jakeman said there were only that number. She would easily have guessed fifty thousand, or even a hundred thousand, and felt that she was within the truth. At first it appeared in the form of a great cloud of dust, going up in whorls, for there was a movement of the air. Then, as the wind shifted from the south to the north, the huge-headed animals rolled awkwardly into view. Just then they

were approaching dangerously near to the emigrant train. For a moment they were surprised, then they shifted to the east, and went on out of sight and sound, enveloped in an immense cloud of dust. Mary was tremendously relieved when she saw the animals turn to the right, as indeed every one else was, for there would have been nothing, almost, left of that train if it had been passed over by those thousands of hoofs.

As the buffaloes came into view, several men had jumped on their horses, with their guns, and rode out to meet them, hoping to get one or two of the younger animals for beef. And they were not disappointed in their hope, although it was no easy matter to single out one of the calves, to race along its side, and then to shoot it in a vital spot so as to bring it down. Mary heard that when the first pioneers came west and before they learned better, the men used to shoot the buffaloes in the head, not knowing that it was protected there by a thick covering of hair on top of a very thick frontal piece. The best place to hit one of these animals was just back of the front leg, and above.

And so it came about that Mary had her first taste of buffalo meat, as did most of the emigrants.

Supper over, preparations were made for a dance. Where? Why, right there on the ground. They were not so particular in those days to see that they had a good hardwood floor with a spring to it and wax on it, before they could enjoy themselves. It did not take twenty men, with shovels, very long to clear away the grass and the bumps so as to make a level space big enough for more than one set of people to dance upon comfortably.

Mary liked this very much. She was not a bit tired now, she found. Of course, she did not dance much nor did she dance very well. But, for that matter, neither did many of the others. For, in England, where all these emi-

grants came from, dancing was looked upon as not at all fit for religious folk. There only people who did not go to church indulged in the dance. But the "Mormons" had to have *something* to take their minds off their troubles and hard life, and what could do this as well and as innocently as the dance? And so they danced.

Chiefly they danced the plain quadrille and the Virginia reel, where the feet were free to pick themselves up from the floor instead of gliding along the floor. Some of the men spoke of dancing as "kicking off their troubles from their heels"—which was literally true. There was never any trouble about music in this company, for, as you may remember, there was a band in it, which had acquired no small amount of skill crossing the sea, steaming up the Missouri, and crossing the plains.

Imagine dancing on the Great Plains under the night sky, to the strains of band music, on the bare ground, encircled by the Platte river and the covered wagons, with the picture in back of your head somewhere of those ten thousand buffaloes still running in that great cloud of dust, and you just having barely escaped those forty thousand hoofs and those twenty thousand short, sharp horns! The Kaleidoscope had not turned anything into view as wonderful as this.

It was "more fun than you could shake a stick at" to watch the people dancing than it was to dance yourself. Men in shirtsleeves, women in calico; the men, red-faced and perspiring freely, keeping time with their handclapping and feetclapping whenever they were not bowing or swinging their partners—which they did with a gusto

that nearly took these same partners off their feet; the women, also perspiring, but never letting on if they could help, smiling and talking and enjoying everything immensely. And then there came the fun of watching the fat people, like Captain Wimble, who naturally had less dignity to keep up, or thought they had, than the lean ones, and who seemed to get more enjoyment out of it, too.

In the midst of the dance some one brought out an end-gate of one of the wagons, and suggested that Babson give the company a highland fling. Babson was a seventeen-year-old lad from Lancashire, England, where the clog dance was much in vogue in that time. The end-gate was for the purpose of hearing the heel-taps and the toe-taps. And so Babson was trotted out to do his part of the entertainment—which he did so much to the satisfaction of the crowd that they kept him at his dancing till he was ready to drop.

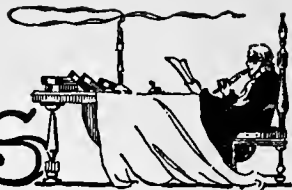
Tramping the Plains was not so devoid of the romance of life, after all, Mary thought, forgetting, for the moment, the feet and the legs and the body that were so weary before the camp turned in for the night.

Pretty soon it was time to go to bed. So the cattle and the horses were brought into the half-circle, the watchmen selected, whose duty it was to see that no harm befell anything and anybody during the night. Then all the Saints joined in a hymn, and, after prayers, retired, each to his wagon, or under it, not to know anything more till morning, unless he were one of your—what do you call it?—sommnambulists, —in which case he heard only the hourly "Twelve o'clock, and all is well!" or whatever the hour was.

(To be continued)

So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—*Stevenson*.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS



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Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY - - OCTOBER, 1925

In What are we Rich as a People?

Not only are we a great people, we are a rich people; not so much in the things of this world, in money and possessions and property, but we are rich in those things which are essential to happiness and well-being. We are rich in humility. We recognize the power of the living God. We recognize our dependency on that power, and we subject ourselves to the laws of God and endeavor to be obedient to them. We are rich in virtue, thank the Lord! I believe there is no community is this broad land where there

is so much of clean living, so much of pure thought, and a people so free from contamination by those practices which so generally prevail among mankind. We are rich in that great asset of humanity—health. We are rich in health because we have endeavored to live the law of health, spoken of as the Word of Wisdom. We are rich in the love of God, and that is a great source of wealth. I think that is the greatest source of wealth that any people may enjoy. I have felt for years and years that if the love of God could come to the inhabitants of our own dear country, we should be free from the disturbances and disorders and the problems, at least in large measure, which now confront us; and having the love of God, we have in our hearts the love of man, illustrated and exemplified by our devotion to his interests and our sacrifices to teach him those vital things so essential to his welfare and his happiness. We are rich in our homes, in the places where we live, in this wonderful heritage, in this great land of Zion itself. We would not exchange our habitat for any other place in the world. We were led to it. It came to us through Divine appointment. It is a part of God's blessing and mercy to us. Then we are rich, in vision, without which a people perish. We have been given to see ahead. We are not relying upon the predictions and prognostications of men. We know where we are going. Thank the Lord for that great blessing. We know that the direction we take leads to happiness and peace and joy and salvation. We know that the commandments which God has given to us are the promises upon which we may build a structure of endurance. There is no uncertainty with reference to our future. We know that our destiny

is high and great, and that our objectives are all worthy of our best and highest endeavor, a blessing that transcends our comprehension.—*Stephen L. Richards.*

Knowledge of God the Determining Force in Making Character

This is a marvelous age. It is clear to all who follow the events of the day, and who note the great steps of progress from month to month, that this is in many respects the most remarkable age that the world has known. The air above us, the seas, the solid earth, the whole physical universe, all seem unitedly to bow before man, to his acquired power over the natural forces of the universe. Today, man is able to do things that in days gone by were conceivably done only by God. Yet, an old thought comes back to me that the airship, the steamship, the telephone, the radio and all other marvels of this age, are but as the clothing of the body, but as instruments to be used by man. By means of these great inventions and discoveries, great gifts of God to the people of these latter days, it is possible for the righteous man to accomplish more widely and more speedily, but it is equally true that by means of these great modern developments the wicked man may do wickedness much more easily and much more comprehensively than in days gone by. The discoveries with which we conjure in this day have not touched the mainspring of human character, have not shaped or reshaped human conduct. Something deeper than material conquests relates itself to human conduct, to that manner of

life, which in the end makes the world great or small, good or bad. A knowledge of God, and faith in His word have ever been the determining force in the making of the character of a man or a nation.—*John A. Widtsoec.*

Immortality

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilac, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens with the dawn.—*Victor Hugo.*

Bits of Philosophy

Feeling big does not make you big.
Joy living is better than joy riding.

When you try to be the whole show
you are never more than half the show.

It is more important to know what
to do with your life than to know
how your life originated.

The deep sounding sermon is better
than the high sounding sermon.

A creed that is so little that a little
soul can believe it is hardly big enough
to make any soul big enough to get
into heaven.

—*Nephi Jensen.*



"THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL"

Considerable space has been devoted lately by newspapers and magazines to the flood of crime which seems to rise over the country in our day. One popular magazine calls it "The Great American Scandal." Judge Taft has recently said, "The administration of criminal justice in this country has broken down * * * and in all but a few states it is a disgrace to civilization." Murders are being committed on the slightest provocation. Women, and even children, in increasing numbers, are recklessly contributing to the sum total of violence that, as in the days of Noah, threatens the earth.

Many causes are said to be responsible for this awful fact. Our education, we are told, is Godless—without a Christian moral basis. Our young people, consequently, are being deprived of their relation to God. The government, itself, when being exploited for selfish and partisan ends, is not permitted to function as a divine institution for justice and righteousness. Laws not needed, are called into existence only for show, by the hundreds, inviting contempt for law. Automobile drivers who disregard traffic laws, men and women who engage in dealing in intoxicants; business concerns who make money by false representations; individuals who avoid paying their debts and dodge their just taxes—all these and many other features of modern life are evidence of the fearful extent to which contempt for law exists in this otherwise so highly blessed country.

Many are indeed the contributing causes to this condition, but there is one which in my judgment is the chief,

if not the only, cause, and that is the neglect of the home.

THE HOME

The home is a divine institution. In it the father and the mother should stand as God's representatives, to guide and protect and rule the children and the household for God, in his stead. Each house should be a sanctuary for the worship and service of God. The home antedates all other divine organizations on earth for the benefit of man. It is therefore recognized as the foundation of the Church and also of the state. In other words the Church and the state are really a union of homes, for the protection and sanctification of the individual homes, and, through the home, for the individual. The very first law of God presupposes a home, in which His sovereignty is recognized.

Now, the fact is that we have reached an era of mania for wealth and amusements, in pursuit of which we have very little time for home life and home worship. In many houses parents and children hardly know each other, and husbands and wives often pursue different courses, while family prayers and study of the word of God in many places are out of the question. As a consequence, homes are breaking down.

DIVORCES

The number of divorces granted in American courts has increased 125 per cent since 1890 and 400 per cent since 1870, writes Benjamin P. Chass, writer on economics and social problems, in an article in the August Current History Magazine. The conditions in Utah are somewhat better. In this state alone, there were not quite as many divorces during 1924 as during the

previous year, but neither were there as many marriages. The marriage rate fell 8.1 per cent but the divorce rate only 5 per cent; so that we had, even here, a few more divorces than we ought to have had. But throughout the country as a whole, the divorce rate has increased the last 55 years 400 per cent, and the increase in criminality has crept well up with the decline of the home.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S TESTIMONY

In this connection, let me reverently refer to the late Wm. Jennings Bryan, the Boy Orator, the Great Commoner, the Peerless Leader, and lately the Fearless Defender of the Bible, who calmly fell asleep, July 26, after his day's work, and is now awaiting the morning of the Resurrection Day.

In his great address, intended for the jury in the Scope's trial at Dayton, Tenn., which was not delivered, but on the 29th of July given to the press, he shows just what the tendency in our education is. He quoted unquestionable authority for the statement that over half of our teachers of higher learning doubt or deny the existence of a personal God and a personal immortality, and that unbelief increases in proportion to prominence, the percentage of unbelief being greatest among the most prominent. He also quoted authority for this statement:

"The students' statistics show that young people enter college possessed of the beliefs still accepted, more or less perfunctorily, in the average home of the land, and gradually abandon the cardinal Christian beliefs."

What a Godless philosophy naturally leads to is suggested in the following quotation from a magazine published by a Southern university. The writer says:

"As an historian, it might be worth while to ask the exponents of the purity complex to explain the fact that, without exception, the great per-

iods of cultural afflorescence have been those characterized by a large amount of freedom in sex relations, and that those of the greatest cultural degradation and decline have been accompanied with greater sex depression and purity."

No comments are needed it seems to me, that in such teachings are found the seeds of home destruction.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The sixth assembly of the League of Nations convened in Geneva on Sept. 7, with 48 nations officially represented and a great many visitors. Among the latter was Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who received an ovation.

The two great questions before the assembly is the so-called security question, and the entrance of Germany into the League. As for security, French delegates are for an agreement that secures the now existing frontiers of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia as well as France and Belgium, similar, in the main, to the Geneva protocol which England rejected. Great Britain is anxious for the entrance of Germany into the League, as the best guarantee of peace in Europe. But the opinions in Germany concerning the League are divided, as in this country, the friends of militarism strongly opposing anything that would render armies and navies obsolete. If the assembly succeeds in solving these two problems satisfactorily, the existence of the League will in all probability be secured and it will do for Europe what the Union of our States accomplished for America. If it fails, Europe will soon again find itself in the quicksand of political rivalry, struggling with alliances that inevitably, as history has shown, lead to destruction.

In our own country, we are talking some of another disarmament conference. Let us note, therefore, that the British foreign secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, in an address before the assembly at Geneva, on Sept. 10,

intimated that in his opinion, disarmament is not desirable as long as the United States and some other countries refuse to join the League.

AMERICA'S PAST UNCOVERED

Remarkable discoveries of evidences of America's prehistoric civilizations in various parts of the country are frequently being reported in public prints.

A couple of months ago we read about the finding, by some engineers under the leadership of Pedro Cforell, near the city of Orizaba, in the state of Vera Cruz, Mexico, of the remains of an immense city, covering several square miles. There were great pyramids, remnants of elaborate fortifications, more than a hundred underground chambers, buried houses, terraces, sculptural tablets, etc. It was estimated that it must have taken thousands of men many years to do all that work.

On Sept. 10, what are believed to be bodies of a royal family of the ancient mound builders were unearthed in a group of mounds near Bainbridge, Ohio. With these remains were found strands of pearls, some of extraordinary size and perfection; also ornaments of silver and copper and some sculptured objects of exquisite workmanship.

This is a highly interesting find. It shows that these mound builders in the Mississippi valley were wealthy and civilized, and that they must have had commercial connections with distant places where pearl oysters were procured.

Scientists know nothing certain about the time when the mound builders lived, whence they came and what became of them.

However, when Zion's Camp, in the year 1834, was temporarily located on the western bank of the Illinois river, the Prophet Joseph and others ascended a high mound, on the top of which three altars had once stood. On removing some soil, they uncovered a skeleton, between the ribs of which there was an arrowhead. To the Prophet it was later made known that this was the remains of a Lamanite warrior, by the name of Zelfh, who served the great Onandagus, a prophet known from the Hill Cumorah to the Rocky Mountains. Zelfh was slain during the last struggle between the Lamanites and Nephites. May not this furnish a key to the mystery of the mound builders in the Mississippi valley? Besides this, at various points, from Maine to California, we find evidences of a race, or perhaps more than one race, that, like the Jaredites, who from their point of departure, carried with them "the fish of the waters," depended largely upon sea food for their sustenance. The evidence of this they have left in numerous shell mounds, which consist almost entirely of oyster shells, some of gigantic size.

Some tell us American archaeology does not corroborate the Book of Mormon. As I see it, American Archaeologists will never unravel the mysteries of this country without the Book of Mormon.

The Heritage of Greatness

Great men are the ambassadors of Providence sent to reveal to their fellow men their unknown selves. There is something about them better than they do or say. If measured at all, they are to be measured in the responsive action of what others do or say. They come and go in part a mystery, in part the simplest of all experience, the compelling influence of truth. They leave no successor. The heritage of greatness descends to the people.—*President Calvin Coolidge.*

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK



Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Andante. Legato.

MARY A. PACKHAM.



SACRAMENT GEM FOR DECEMBER, 1925

While of of these emblems we partake
In Jesus' name and for His sake,
Let us remember and be sure
Our hearts and hands are clean and pure.

Postlude

8 and 4 ft. stops.

off 4 ft. stops.



Bass marcato.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR DECEMBER, 1925

Acts, Chapter 20, Verse 35: "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Uniform Fast Day Lesson December, 1925

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection?

No one would set out for a trip without an objective; in the mountains, to the resort, into the city, out into the country, for a fishing trip, etc., etc. Once the objective is decided upon, the traveler pursues a course that will take him to it. If the trip is a long one, more preparations are necessary than when a near-by point is the goal. So it all depends on what and where our destination is, as to the kind of preparations we make, and the course we pursue.

When a young man reaches the age of 18 or 20, he wishes to have rather clearly in mind what he is going to do in life; whether he will go into architecture, or whether he will go into business, or become a builder or a tradesman. When his mind is made up, he can then concentrate and direct all his energies to that end.

If a traveler was going through the country, and had no destination in mind, and would take any road that his fancy suggested, his sanity would be questioned.

What would we say of a boy in college who would switch from course to course, or from school to school, without purpose? Would he ever achieve success in any profession? The Lord has placed us here upon the earth, and by means of the Gospel, has pointed out to us the path or course we are to pursue if we are to come back into His presence. And to come and live with Him means that we "must be perfect even as our Father in Heaven is perfect."

It is the Lord's plan that we do come back to Him; that is why He re-established His Church. No one can travel the road back without having a guide book, and the Gospel supplies that.

Latter-day Saints want to enjoy the greatest blessing within the gift of the Lord, viz.—to be privileged to find the path, and to pursue it to its very end. Therefore, we must prepare for that long journey; we must equip ourselves for it; we must not make detours; we must not abandon the course; we dare not lose our guide book—the Gospel plan.

Only those who take this entire journey and reach the destination are pleasing unto the Lord. We desire to please the Lord; therefore, we have set out to reach our Heavenly home—perfection. Nothing less will fulfill the Lord's plan as it affects Latter-day Saints.

Just as every step forward brings the traveler nearer his goal; just as each drop of fuel oil drives the machines toward the end of the journey—so, too, the observance of each and every law and requirement embodied in the Gospel plan bring us nearer to our goal—perfection.

"THE CHILDREN ARE CALLING"

What the Local Officers and Teachers Are Doing to Touch the Lives of the Children.

The Answer of a Sunday School
Superintendent

Elder R. Leo Bird

Superintendent Forest Dale Ward Sunday
School.

Superintendent McKay, we have heard with deep interest and a feeling of grave responsibility the call of the children of Zion. Being in constant touch with these boys and girls, we fully realize the necessity of giving heed to their call. The boys and girls who are asking us for guidance today will be the Sunday School workers of tomorrow. How well they will be able to perform depends largely upon our faith in this great work and the faithfulness with which we perform the varied callings assigned to us.

The General Board, as we have been aptly told, forms the plans and outlines the activities for our operation. The stake boards adapt and mould these outlines, so that they will be properly suited to the needs of each stake. We, as Sunday School superintendencies, have a responsibility in connection with caring for these more than 250,000 boys and girls. Personally, I feel a very grave responsibility in the selection of officers and teachers to attend to this work, in choosing the right kind of people, possessed of the right qualifications, those who are living the right sort of life and who have the right interest in the making of boys and girls. In order that they may be fully equipped for this work, once each month we meet with them in union meeting, where we get the inspiration and instruction from the Stake Board, and where we come often in direct contact with the General Board. Once each week the superintendency meet together, plan our work, and try to arrange to overcome the various difficulties that confront us. Once each week we also are permitted to meet with our officers and teachers in teacher-training meeting, where we are taught how to scientifically present the lessons to the boys and girls. Once each month we meet with our officers and teachers, get their point of view of the Sunday School,

their suggestions as to what we should do to better the Sunday School, and thus, in our Sunday School we get the united opinion of sixty-six workers in place of a superintendency of three.

At 10:10 on each Sabbath morning we meet in prayer meeting, where we sing one of the songs of Zion and invoke the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon the work of the Sunday School morning. But no matter how perfectly the General Board may plan this work, or how enthusiastically the stake board may attempt to put into operation those plans, or how zealously the ward superintendents attend to their duty, our work is not successful unless we have proper contact with the boys and girls. Sister Inez Whitbeck, as one of the teachers, will tell us how this contact with the boys and girls, which is the vital part of Sunday School work, is accomplished.

(To be continued)

There is a Place in Sunday School for Everybody

[The following circular has been prepared by Elder Frank Mozley, for use in Liberty Ward, Salt Lake City. A copy will be placed in every home in the ward prior to the great Sunday School awaken-

ing. It is recommended for use by all schools desiring to follow Liberty Ward's example.]

The Sunday School offers valuable helps in the development of spirituality because:

1. It teaches correct gospel principles.
2. Its influence is faith-promoting.
3. Impressions gained in Sunday School are lasting and are an influence for good in every day life.
4. It offers the greatest opportunity for social contact for both old and young under the most favorable conditions.
5. Singing the songs of Zion in chorus with others is always inspiring.
6. There is splendid opportunity for the development of leadership among the youth of Zion.
7. The sweet influence of the Sunday School is carried back into the home and thus its spiritual atmosphere is made richer and God's most Holy Day is more sanctified.
8. It is the privilege of every member of your family to take home these benefits so freely offered.
9. Sunday, October 25th, next, has been especially designated by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board as a day for "EVERYBODY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL." There is a place waiting there which only YOU can fill.

GRANT STAKE RALLY DAY REPORT

| Wards: | Off. & T. Enr. Quota | Attendance No. % | Ward Pop. Quota | Attendance No. % | Total Pts. |
|----------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|------------|
| Jefferson | 25 | 25 100 | 919 | 915 99 | 199 |
| Wilford | 27 | 27 100 | 757 | 554 73 | 173 |
| Whittier | 31 | 31 100 | 928 | 629 68 | 168 |
| Belvedere | 37 | 37 100 | 1235 | 775 63 | 163 |
| Wandamere | 29 | 28 97 | 754 | 475 63 | 160 |
| Miller | 28 | 24 86 | 916 | 507 55 | 141 |
| Wells | 25 | 25 100 | 1454 | 590 40 | 140 |
| Hillcrest | 28 | 22 79 | 594 | 341 58 | 137 |
| Burton | 27 | 26 96 | 1164 | 414 36 | 132 |
| McKinley | 34 | 27 79 | 1200 | 600 50 | 129 |
| Central Park | 18 | 14 78 | 600 | 305 50 | 128 |
| Waterloo | 37 | 27 73 | 1116 | 525 47 | 120 |
| South Gate | 14 | 10 71 | 575 | 274 48 | 119 |
| East Millcreek | 26 | 13 50 | 745 | 180 24 | 74 |
| Stake Board | 16 | 15 94 | | | |
| Visitors | | 19 | | | |
| Totals | 402 | 370 93 | 12957 | 7084 55 | 146 |
| Last Year | | 352 | | 7033 | |
| Increases | | 18 | | 51 | |

P. S. Last year the ward quota was based on 50% of the ward population but this year we used the actual ward population as the basis for same.

East Millcreek asked to be excused from participation as they were very unfortunate as an epidemic of scarlet fever raged in their locality.

Central Park and South Gate were just newly organized three weeks ago.

Everybody In Sunday School—October 25, 1925.

MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Committee: *Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd*

WORK FOR DECEMBER, 1925.

(For Sunday Schools having only three departments)

Theological—Text: "Outlines of Ecclesiastical History," by B. H. Roberts.

Intermediate—Text: "Our Church and People," by John Henry Evans.

Primary—Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

See respective departments, this issue, for outlines.

**"EVERYBODY
IN
SUNDAY SCHOOL"
OCTOBER 25, 1925**



L. D. S. SUNDAY SCHOOL, SECOND WARD, MAGRATH, CANADA—TAYLOR STAKE
Superintendent Ira C. Fletcher is seen on the extreme right of the picture, with Second Assistant, Vernon Bennett, on his left.



Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary

"EVERYBODY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL"

The days immediately ahead of us afford the last opportunity for making the great Sunday School day, October 25, 1925, a memorable one in the lives of a large number of people.

Increasing vigor and thoroughness should mark the campaign as the day draws nearer. New and varied appeals should be made for the attendance at Sunday School of every member of the Church on that day.

Numerous original methods will suggest themselves to superintendents. A few years ago one Sunday School aroused interest in its Rally Day by having an invitation to Sunday School printed as a telegram, and dispatched to all members of the ward. Other schools may send out a large number of pupils dressed as special messengers to carry the word to members of the ward. Others may send, in Paul Revere fashion, a rider through the towns announcing the great pilgrimage to the Sunday School. Still others may adopt the old town-crier method, having someone, appropriately costumed, go about the town, preceded by a herald or trumpeter, proclaiming the Sunday School message. Carolers, choruses and serenaders, singing "Haste to the Sunday School," or "Thanks for the Sabbath School," or original compositions having similar themes may carry the message in an impressive manner.

Local bands may be secured to accompany a parade of banners, bearing invitations to everyone to attend Sunday School.

The means used in advertising the great day should be distinguished for their appropriateness, dignity, beauty and impressiveness. When novel methods are used care must be taken to prevent hilarity, levity, or rudeness.

The methods of announcement will be best determined locally. The importance of keeping the day and its purpose before the people with increasing frequency and vigor and in a variety of forms, cannot be over emphasized. Appeals that are unique, beautiful, dignified and pleasant will make the best impression and will bring the most satisfactory results.

SPECIAL REPORT ON "EVERYBODY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL" DAY

The first great test of the results of the Church-wide campaign to enlist "Everybody in Sunday School" will be made on Sunday, October 25, 1925. The secretaries' records showing attendance are of fundamental importance in studying the results of the campaign.

Secretaries are, therefore, called upon to make a special report showing the attendance by departments:

First: On the same Sunday (October 26, 1924) last year.

Second: On the Sunday before October 25, 1925, that is, Sunday, October 18, 1925.

Third: On "Everybody in Sunday School" Day, October 25, 1925.

Fourth: On the following Sunday, November 1, 1925.

Forms for this report will be distributed to all ward secretaries by the stake secretaries. Ward secretaries are instructed to compile these reports promptly and to forward them, seeing that they are properly addressed, to your stake secretary or superintendent. Do this with such promptness that the stake report can be sent to the General Board not later than November 10, 1925.

Preserve a copy of the report you send to the stake board. It is suggested that you rule up on one of the pages for notes in the back of your minute book a report form like the one you send to the stake secretary, and there copy the report. This should be thus preserved for the information of your superintendency and for future reference.

Everybody will be interested in the results obtained as shown by a report covering the Church at large, and in order that announcement may be made of the results, secretaries are urged to report promptly.

The campaign to enroll everybody in Sunday School is to be a continuing one. Our effort is not to be withdrawn and the campaign abandoned after October 25, 1925. At intervals other special reports of attendance may be called for in order that the results of the drive may be known. Secretaries are therefore urged to keep their records up-to-date in order that the reports can be readily taken from them and forwarded without delay.

Everybody In Sunday School—October 25, 1925.

Correcting Children in Public

Esther Hull Doolittle, for National Kindergarten Association.

Children must, of course, be reprimanded at times; they must occasionally be taken seriously to task for misdemeanors. But why, oh why do mothers deem it right and proper to do this in public? Everywhere one sees it. On street cars, and in all sorts of public places, the irate mother, voice raised, berates Willie or Lilly loudly for some fault or other. Often there's no question but what the child richly merits punishment, but whenever I witness an adult exhibition of anger and a juvenile display of misbehavior, it seems to me that the adult deserves punishment much more than the child. Moreover, it does not the slightest good to create a scene.

Here is a case. A young mother, obviously more interested in the wax-like polish of her fingernails than in her small daughter's comfort, enters a street car. The child removes her hat, the mother slams it back; the child, plainly over-tired, screams and cries while the mother, very angry, scolds and slaps. The little girl continues to cry loudly until their destination is reached, to the discomfort of their fellow passengers. This misguided woman would have advanced her own interests infinitely more had she permitted the poor, tired child to have her way, at the time, and saved her corrections until later.

After all, whose fault is it but the mother's if the child is over-tired? Quite aside from that, a public reprimand adds resentment to the already overburdened emotional capacity and, seemingly, more power to lungs and legs.

I had one sad experience along this line when I was young and foolish. During some city jollification I took my daughter, aged four, to see the daytime festivities. Naturally the

crowds and confusion were too much for so young a child and she became over-tired. In my experience, I failed to read the danger signals and hastened on to my undoing. My small daughter, by the way, had auburn locks and the quick, inflammable disposition which usually accompanies them. She desired a balloon and gleefully purchased a golden one that matched her hair. Unsuspectingly and peacefully we waited on the corner for a home-bound street car. Suddenly, pop! the hot sun had vanquished the balloon! Small daughter began to cry and, sensing the real grief behind the tears, I sought another balloon. Apparently there wasn't another golden one in the world and no color but that would suit the overwrought baby.

In a fury, she stamped her little feet and screamed. If a nice large and hungry earthquake had come along then and swallowed us up, I'd have been grateful, but my embarrassment led me to a solution of the problem. Since I knew that scolding would only aggravate the matter, I bent down and put my arms around her. At first she struggled but I quickly whispered, "Look, look dear, everybody's watching us. No one else is crying in the street." It worked like magic. She looked up quickly and ceased exploding at once. I seized the opportunity to divert her attention to a passing watering cart and the day was saved.

I am aware that a scheme which would be effective with a sensitive child might be of no use with other types. However, I am sure that no boy or girl is improved or benefitted by correction in public for the simple reason that some do not feel the humiliation anyway, and those who do are usually made more angry and resentful by it. In any case, have pity on the public!



Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen

SONG ANALYSIS

"The Opening Buds of Springtime"

D. S. S. Songs, No. 72

By Tracy Y. Cannon.

The title of this song might suggest April or May as the most appropriate time for its use. A reading of the words, however, reveals it as a joyous song of thanksgiving so simply written that a child may understand. "The opening buds of springtime," "Expanded flowers in summer," "The Autumn's varied colors," and winter's "snowy crystal rare" invite our tuneful voices to praise the mighty King.

Few songs bristle with the spirit of Sunday School as does this one. The words and music are so happily blended in thought and simplicity that one cannot help but sing it with the enthusiasm of youth. Being written in 6/8 measure, having an effective vocal range and words and music suggesting a lively tempo, all combine to give it an infectious spirit of joy that is irresistible.

A certain amount of technical study of the song is recommended. By all means sing it in four parts, even though it is quite effective when singing soprano only. Observe the hold in the middle of last line. A little retard in the last measure with a lengthening somewhat of the last note, will bridge over what would otherwise be an abrupt return to the first phrase in the "D. C." Prompt attack and release, speaking the syllables lightly, natural accents properly placed, good phrasing, singing with heads erect and chests expanded, all contribute to an effective rendition.

After the song has been technically studied forget everything about technicality; enter into its spirit and its renditions will then be satisfying.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

*Henry H. Rolann, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Charles H. Hart,
and Milton Bennion*

duct to illustrate how all wrong doing is an injury to some one, usually both to the doer and to others, and that it is inconsistent with enlightened love. Self-love, in this sense, is not selfishness, but regard for the higher or ideal self; this is not in conflict with the highest good of others, but harmonious with it.

Questions for Teachers

1. How are selfishness and ignorance related to wrong doing?
2. Which of these enemies of the moral life is the more difficult to overcome? Why? And what has this to do with love?

Subject: Love Never Faileth.

Text: Talks to Parents, Section XII, Part III.

Objective: To make clear some of the evidences of love.

Supplementary References: John 3:16; 14:15, 23; 15:7-15; 17:11, 23-26; I Timothy 5:1, 2; Romans 12: 15; Gal. 5:13-26; 6:2; James 2:8, 9; 4:11, 12; 5:19, 20; I John 3:14-18; 4:17; 5:3. Also John Stuart Mill's Utilitarianism, especially Chaps, 1-4; and other books on ethics.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Love is a sentiment, but not merely a sentiment, as that term is generally used; it is also a dynamic virtue that prompts people to live the golden rule. It calls for sympathetic understanding of others, and for as much regard for their highest good as for ones own, and more regard for both than for any lesser good, such as a passing pleasure. Give concrete illustrations of how love works.

Questions for Teachers

(At least one week before Union Meeting in your Stake at which this lesson will be considered, send your written answers to these questions to the stake board member who supervises the work of your



General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Robert L. Judd; Third and Fourth Years, Albert E. Bowen.

First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection? (See Superintendents' Department for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

Note: In order to finish the text book "Apostles of Jesus Christ" during the year, it is suggested that the two following lessons be condensed into one.

Lesson 34. Paul before Festus and Agrippa.

Chapter 35, "Apostles of Jesus Christ," Priesthood Manual, 1924.

Study carefully Paul's great address, and develop with the class the many points there presented.

Assign the original text in Acts 26:2-27 to the class a week in advance, pointing out points therein that you wish to develop.

Questions for Teachers

1. List the most important theological doctrines expounded by Paul in his address and give your reasons for naming the ones you do.

2. List the points in Acts 26:2-27 that you have chosen to give to your class and give your reasons for choosing them.

Lesson 35. Paul's Journey to Rome and Labors there.

Chapt. 36, "Apostles of Jesus Christ," Priesthood Manual, 1924.

In this closing lesson if time will permit after covering the subject matter of the text, review with the class Paul's life, making every effort to make the best and biggest things therein a part of the lives of the students.

Consider with them the elements of real manhood and real service. Have them

point out how many of these elements were exemplified in the life of Paul.

Questions for Teachers

1. Name the qualities that you consider stand out foremost in the life of Paul.

2. How can the boys profit most from the study of Paul's life?

Third Sunday, December 20, 1925

Review Questions for Fourth Quarter

1. What was the one big point Paul tried to make in his defense of his carrying the Gospel to the Gentiles, and why did Peter differ with him?

2. What was the effect upon the world of the Gentiles as a result of Paul's missionary work?

3. Name three great outstanding attributes in the life of Paul that make for greatness, and give your reasons for selecting the three you select.

Fourth Sunday, December 27, 1925

Special Christmas Program.

Advanced Theological Department

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection? (See Superintendents' Department for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

Note: In order to finish the text book before the end of the year, it is suggested that the two following lessons be condensed into one.

Lesson 34. Salvation for the dead.

References: Chapter VIII, Part IV, Outlines of Ecc. History, and sources there cited.

Objective: To show that the Gospel is a Universal saving power, and is the one means to salvation.

Questions

1. How does Latter-day Saint doctrine differ from formerly accepted Christian doctrine, concerning the Universality of Salvation?

2. What scriptural authority is there for belief in salvation for those who have not received the Gospel during their earth-lives?

It must appear from a study of this lesson (1) that the saving power of the Gospel is to have universal application, and (2) that there is no other plan devised or prepared for the salvation of any of those who have lived in this world. The means by which this saving purpose is to be accomplished is one of the important phases of this lesson and should be fully and freely discussed. What is the significance of the term "everlasting Gospel?" What connection with it has the doctrine of salvation for the dead?

Lesson 35. Necessity for obedience to Gospel requirements.

References: Doc. and Cov., Sec. 76; Outlines Ecc. Hist., Ch. 8, Part 4; Romans II:6-12, I Cor. III:8; II Cor. V:10; John XIV:1-3.

Objective: To show that under the Gospel plan men will be rewarded or fail of reward, accordingly as they are obedient to its requirements.

Questions

1. What authority is there in ancient scripture for the belief that reward will depend upon individual merit?

2. What does modern revelation teach on this subject?

It is suggested that the ancient and modern scriptures bearing upon the questions here suggested be carefully considered, and the bearing of man's character of life in this existence upon his future state be fully discussed. How does this conception conform to our standards of reason and justice?

Third Sunday, December 20, 1925

Written Review, Fourth Quarter

1. What is the significance of Joseph Smith's first Vision, and what new knowledge did it give to the world?

2. What is meant by the expression "The Church?" Why is a church necessary in the scheme of Salvation? What is the governing authority in the Church?

3. What is the teaching of the Church with reference to:

(a) Learning and the means of achieving it?

(b) The kind of life required of its members?

(c) Missionary Service?

Fourth Sunday, December 27, 1925

Special Christmas Exercises.

**"EVERYBODY
I'N
SUNDAY SCHOOL"
OCTOBER 25, 1925**

The Unwholesome Story

In clean wholesome conversation there is no place whatever for the smutty story. It may even have the qualities of aptness and brilliancy but it works untold havoc. It is a vulgar picture thrust upon the walls of imagination. It is a blow which shatters the finer sensibilities. It lowers the story-teller in the opinion of his best friends. Everybody likes fun and everybody opens the ear to clean jest and delicious humor, but smut sickens and dirt depresses and vulgarity nauseates and obscenity destroys.

If you can tell a good story, tell it to the delight of your friends. But let no one ever hear from your lips or read from your pen one single line that has in it a drop of filth or a speck of smut!

—The Sunday School Builder.

SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: First and Second Years, Adam S. Bennion, Chairman; Third and Fourth Years, Alfred C. Rees, Chairman, and T. Albert Hooper.

First Year—Our Church and People

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection?

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

In view of the fact that December 27 will be used for a special Christmas program and December 20 should be used for a general review, this lesson offers the only remaining opportunity for a consideration of the last three chapters of the text. It is suggested that they all be assigned to the class, and that various pupils be asked to report especially on those matters deemed to be of particular interest by the teacher.

The following suggestions are offered to constitute the day's major considerations:

- I. The Church and Its Organization.
 - A. General, stake and ward organization.
 - B. The advantages of a democratic organization.
 1. Greater opportunities for the membership of the Church. (Enumerate the offices in a ward as typical.)
 2. Greater opportunities to discover leadership ability. Show the force of inherent rather than superimposed leadership.
 3. Greater safety from possible breaks between **Leadership and Followership**.
- II. Our Present Leaders.

Take this occasion to introduce to pupils all of those now engaged as their leaders.

 - A. Locally.
 - B. In the Stake.
 - C. In the Church Generally.
- III. What We Believe.

It is suggested that this occasion be taken for a vital consideration of the Articles of Faith as a summary of our outstanding beliefs. It will be genuinely helpful to pupils all their lives if they can be stimulated to a mastery of the thirteen articles.

Third Year—"What it Means to be a 'Mormon'"

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection? (See Superintendents' Department for helpful suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

Lesson 34. What it means to be a Mormon.

General References: Any book from which pupils may find material. The text book, any chapter; Doctrine and Covenants; Articles of Faith.

During the year we have been studying the text above. On this day let us review what we have learned. Have each member of the class make a brief statement on what it means to him or her to be a Mormon.

What are some of the outstanding features in Mormonism that appeal to your class? Ask them to discuss this feature. Make this a Sunday of review and summary, to round out and drive home what it really does mean to be a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Question for Teachers

What does it mean to you to be a "Mormon." Name three things of importance to you.

Third Sunday, December 20, 1925

Written Review

1. Name five personal attributes that make for success.
2. What have members of our Church done to prove our patriotism and loyalty to our government?
3. Give three reasons for being a member of the Church.
4. What can you do to show your interest in the Church?

Fourth Sunday, December 27, 1925

Special Christmas Program.

FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

General Board Committee: First and Second Years, George M. Cannon, Chairman, and Josiah Burrows; Third and Fourth Years, Horace Cummings, Chairman, and Eugene Hilton.

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

Lesson 34. Ministry of Jesus Among the Nephites.

Text: III Nephi, Chapters 12 and 13.

Objective: To teach that whenever the Savior has established His Church upon the Earth, the organization has corresponded to that which He set up in Palestine.

Supplementary References: Story of the Book of Mormon and Dictionary of the Book of Mormon (Reynolds).

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Above all, the class must feel the reality of this whole story; that Jesus did come and do the things described in these writings. It was the fulfillment of promises dating back to the time of Lehi, who saw what blessings would come to his people.

Relate the story of the three Nephites. They have been seen in our day, according to testimony of individual Saints. Furthermore, we are today fulfilling the prophecies given and referred to by the Savior to the Nephites.

The world is preparing for the return of that same Jesus, the Savior of the World.

As a conclusion to the year's work it seems fitting that we should connect up, in the minds of the boys and girls, the work of Moroni with that of Joseph, the Prophet.

Describe to your class, in brief, how the records were begun by Nephi about 600 B. C.; how they were handed down, cared for by representatives of the Priesthood in each succeeding generation; how the important events were recorded; how finally Moroni takes possession and writes the concluding chapters of that remarkable but sad history. That was 400 A. D.

Then turn to secular events in Europe. Columbus discovers America in 1492;

Nations begin to explore and colonize; England's colonies remain permanent; the French and Indian war establishes England's supremacy in the new land; the American revolution follows; the United States is founded with a constitution declaring for religious freedom. With all those important preparations made, the Father and the Son appear to the boy Prophet and Moroni, the Nephite historian, comes and shows him where the records are. And the prophet translates them and gives us the Book of Mormon. You thus have the connection complete, and faith and intelligent conception of the relation between ancient and modern sacred history are established in the minds of your boys and girls.

The concluding thought should be a plea for an appreciation of the Book of Mormon as a sacred work, for that is the central thought of the lesson: The Book of Mormon is the word of God.

Questions for Teachers

1. Compare the selection and organization of the Twelve Apostles in the days of Peter, and among the Nephites and in our own day.

2. Name the First Presidency and also the quorum of the Twelve Apostles in our Church today.

Third Sunday, December 20, 1925

Questions for Written Review

1. Tell us what you can about the people of Ammon.

2. Who were the two thousand young soldiers called the sons of Helaman?

3. What was their belief, and how did they conduct themselves in battle and with what result?

4. Tell us what you can about Moroni and his character as a man and as a soldier.

Fourth Sunday, December 27, 1925

Special Christmas Program.

Third Year—Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we

are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection?

The Savior commanded "be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Is this possible with men? Let us see. The children can conceive the possibility of one of themselves being perfect, so as to get 100% in everything, in the First Grade; but that does not mean that the same boy or girl could get 100% in everything if he was at once transferred to the Sixth Grade. Our perfection is relative, and it can gradually be attained until we may become as God is. Some may say that this is like "hitching our wagon to a star" but we know that the person who aims high will actually reach higher than the person who aims low.

Have the children name some person whom they judge to be perfect in some line. How did such person gain perfection? How then may we gain perfection?

What did the Savior mean when He said: "Let your light so shine before men that they seeing your good works may be led to glorify your Father which is in Heaven?" Why should Latter-day Saints be nearer perfect than others who have not yet accepted the restored Gospel? What are some of the things each of us must overcome before we can be perfect?

Teachers: Prepare at least one illustration, understandable to the First Intermediate class, which shows how we may overcome and reach out for perfection.

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

Note: In order to finish the text book "A Life of Christ for the Young" during the year, it is suggested that the following two lessons be condensed into one.

Subject: The Resurrection of Christ.

Text: Matt. 28:1-15; Mark 16:1-14; Luke 24:1-8; John 20; Weed, "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 67, 68, 69.

Objective: To teach that the Resurrection of Christ was a reality and that it greatly affects all mankind.

Supplementary References: Talmage, J. E., "Jesus the Christ," pages 678 to 690.

Teachers: Do not allow anything to interfere with the presentation, in the best form, of this important lesson. After a brief review of the last lesson on the life of Christ, relate in story form the chief facts and events in connection with the rising from the dead of the Christ. Make it clear that He was "the first fruits of them that slept."

No argument need be presented to prove to the children the reality of this mighty event. Proceed at once with the account of it as is given in the Bible and

commented on by the author of the text. Make it clear that the world has known no greater or more far reaching event than the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Point out in conclusion that as Christ rose from the dead so also through His atonement shall we arise.

Question for Teachers

Point out in a paragraph the relationship existing between an earnest believing attitude on the part of the teacher of this lesson and acceptance of its great truths with the proper spirit by the student.

Lesson 35. "The Ascension."

Text: John 21:1-18; Weed, "Life of Christ for the Young," Chapters 71, 72.

Objective: To teach that we should look for and expect the return of Christ as promised by his angels.

Supplementary References: Talmage, J. E., "Jesus the Christ," pages 691-700.

Suggestions on Preparation and Presentation: Emphasize the importance of the Risen Lord's instructions to Peter, the head Apostle: "Feed my Lambs." Show how the faithful servants of the Lord are today cooperating with the Lord, endeavoring to feed with the priceless Spiritual food, the lambs (the children) whom the Savior loves. Tell of His final instruction to His Apostles and finally of His ascension to His Father in Heaven. Call attention to the promise of His return voiced by angels. He shall come in glory as promised and has all ready in our day appeared several times and has established His Latter-day Church.

Question for Teachers

Work out an analogy between the effect of proper bodily nourishment and proper spiritual food. "Feed my Lambs." What? When? How?

Third Sunday, December 20, 1925

Written Review

1. Relate the happenings connected with the entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem on a donkey.

2. (a) Tell how the Sacrament was first introduced. (b) What is it for?

3. What do we mean when we say: "Christ died for us?"

4. How does the fact that Christ rose from the dead affect each of us?

(Answer any three, but answer no. 2 if you can.)

Fourth Sunday, December 27, 1925

Christmas Exercises.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, and Mabel Cook

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

Preview Questions

1. What were the temples used for in Jesus' day? Why are our temples not used for the same purpose? (Consult Talmage's "Jesus the Christ," or Papini's "Life of Christ," using index.)

2. How would you answer a person who said that in driving the money changers out of the temple, Christ was cruel and exceeded His authority?

3. Give some of the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount that make it the greatest sermon ever preached. (Teachers should read Talmage's "Jesus the Christ" or some other good work like Papini's "Life of Christ," pp. 85, ff. And all of Matthew 5, 6 and 7.

4. Who are the poor in spirit? The meek? The pure in heart? What blessing is pronounced upon each? Why?

5. Who were the Twelve in Jesus' day. Now? What were the special callings of the Twelve?

6. Why is it that wealth is a hindrance to spiritual progress? In what respects would the Order of Enoch be superior to our present system of property holding?

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended, we must aim at perfection?

Song: "In our Lovely Deseret."

Aim: If we keep the Word of Wisdom we shall become better and healthier.

Lesson: How many of you know what the Word of Wisdom is? What are some things it tells us not to use? What things are good to use? Why does our Heavenly Father wish us to keep the Word of Wisdom? He wishes us to become perfect. Can you tell me what it means to become perfect?

Once there was a poor man living in England. He did not know how our Heavenly Father wished him to live. He used to work hard all week. Then on Saturday, when he got his pay, he would buy tobacco and brandy. These things were bad for his health. He became very sick and nervous. His hand shook so that he couldn't hold it still. Once

when he was very sick some Mormon elders came to his house. They told him how Heavenly Father wished people to live. He was glad to hear what they said and was baptized. He quit smoking and drinking, and for a while was very unhappy. But he got better, and thanked Heavenly Father for sending the elders. One day he came to them and held out his hand. It was not shaking any more. "See," he said, "how different my hand is from when you first came to see me. I can hold it out and it doesn't shake. Now I know that keeping the Word of Wisdom makes people healthier and happier."

What can we do to live better? Will we all keep the Word of Wisdom? If we do, what will it mean for us?

Lesson 9. Cleansing of the Temple.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Talmage's "Jesus the Christ"; Weed, Chapter XXVII; Farrar's "Life of Christ."

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

Lesson 10. The Chosen Twelve.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Talmage's, "Jesus the Christ"; Weed, Chapter XXV; Farrar's "Life of Christ."

Third Sunday, December 20, 1925

Lesson 11. The Sermon on the Mount.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Talmage's, "Jesus the Christ"; Weed, Chapter XXVI; Farrar's "Life of Christ."

Fourth Sunday, December 27, 1925

(Where no Christmas Exercises are given in General Assembly.)

Lesson 12. Christ and the Rich Young Man.

Text: Bible and Church History Stories.

References: Talmage's, "Jesus the Christ"; Weed, Chapter LIII; Farrar's, "Life of Christ."

Everybody In Sunday School—October 25, 1925.



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT



Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson, Blanche Love Gee and Inez Witbeck.

Preview Questions for December, 1925

1. Why do we as people feel that we should try to perfect ourselves?
2. Why do we consider the birth of Christ the greatest event in history?
3. Explain how it is that the more we love, the more we give.
4. How can we stimulate children to give because they love rather than to gain?
5. When someone gives us a present, and we feel that we must give in return, is that gift from the heart or just to pay what we feel is a debt?

LESSONS FOR DECEMBER

First Sunday, December 6, 1925

Topic: Why do I believe that we must aim at perfection if we are to become the kind of people the Lord has intended?

Objective: To teach that we should overcome our faults and failings and become masters over the physical if we want to follow in the footsteps of Jesus.

Rest Exercise: Lead children to suggest where the Christmas trees come from. In going after a tree, be careful not to take more than one, nor to destroy other trees.

Suggestions to Teachers

It will be necessary to lead the child from his knowledge to that which he does not know. Here are a few suggestions as to how to handle the work, and a story may be told to illustrate the thought.

One Christmas, a little girl received a beautiful doll from Santa Claus with a note inside of the box which read: "Please take care of this baby doll and don't let it get dirty, nor broken. You can play with it, but take good care and keep it clean for ten years, then I will send for the doll, and if it is just as good when I send for it ten years from now, you shall be considered the cleanest and nicest little girl in the whole country." Ten years later the doll was sent for, and this little girl had a dream. She dreamt that she went to Santa's home. She found her doll in a beautiful parlor where Mr. and Mrs. Santa were. She went up to Santa and asked why her doll was there. Why weren't other

dolls there? "Well," said Santa, "I'll show you." He took her into several other rooms, where there were stacks of dolls of all kinds; but they were dirty and broken. "When the dolls come back, if they are not just as clean as when I send them out, I don't want them to be in the same room with me. They have to stay there in these rooms until they have been cleaned and prepared."

Lead the children to see that Heavenly Father, when He sends the spirits down to this earth, wants them to return as perfect as He sent them out, so they can live with Him in His house. Lead the children to see what they can do to keep perfect. Not to think nor say naughty words; to be kind and happy; always have a smile, and sing when things go wrong; not to get angry. Lead them to see how we can keep our bodies clean, which helps to keep a clean mind; that our bodies should be kept clean on the inside with proper food and thoughts; that ugly thoughts make ugly features; happy, good, kind thoughts make pleasant faces.

Second Sunday, December 13, 1925

Text: Matt. 1:18-25; Luke 1:26-38; 2:1-7; "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 34.

Topic: The birth of Jesus.

Objective: To teach that when we love a person we want to give them the best we have.

Rest Exercise: Have children play they are decorating the Christmas tree they got last Sunday.

Suggestions to Teachers

The big theme of this lesson is that our Father in heaven loved His children, who lived on this earth so much that He sent His only Son down to teach us. He gave the best He had. Lead the children to see why we have Christmas, and the kind of spirit we should have to make a real Christmas.

Bring it down to the child's life, letting him see that it is the spirit in which the gift is given that counts; that we should not feel badly if we haven't money to buy expensive gifts. If it is only a hug and a kiss with a "I love you, daddy, or "I love you, mama," it is worth more than a costly present.

Another thought is to help the child to see that he should be satisfied with

what Santa brings him, and not feel that he didn't get what he wanted, but that it was just as it should be.

Present each child with a picture of the birth of Jesus. You can get them for 1 cent each at Perry Mason Picture Co., Malden, Mass.

Third Sunday, December 20, 1925

Text: Luke 2:8-20, "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 35.

Topic: The story of the shepherds.

Objective: To teach that by giving gifts, we express our love for friends and family.

Rest Exercise:

Oh, why do bells for Christmas ring,

Why do little children sing,

On this bright Christmas day?

The bells do ring and children sing

To say that Christ was born on Christmas Day.

Have the children take presents to poor children and then repeat the above verse and ring bells.

Suggestions to Teachers

The birth of the Savior was made known to the lowly as well as the rich and educated, to show the Father's love was for all. That He treated all alike is the big theme of this lesson. In telling the lesson, when you reach the part of the story where the shepherds heard voices, have some one sing softly, "Far, Far away on Judea's Plain." It makes the story very effective.

Bring it down into the child's life, that he may share what he has with some one who hasn't. As the shepherds took a lamb (a very simple gift in comparison with the gift of the wise men) so we can share, no matter how small.

The greatest joy comes in giving. "It is better to give than to receive."

Present each child with one of the penny pictures of The story of the Shepherds.

Fourth Sunday, December 27, 1925

(Where no general Christmas exercises are given.)

Text: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," Lesson 36; Matt. 2:1-11.

Topic: The Visit of the Wise Men.

Objective: To teach that we are made happier by giving to others.

Rest Exercise: Taking the decorations off the Christmas tree and putting them away in boxes for next year.

Suggestions to Teachers

The Wise men's love for Jesus was shown by their taking the best presents they had to give to the Christ-Child. They didn't care for the hardships they knew they would encounter on their journey. Their love was so great, that they only thought of finding the Christ-Child and presenting their gifts.

Bring it down into the child's life and help him to see that if we are doing a task that seems hard when it is for those we love, we should enjoy doing it. The harder the task, if done with a willing spirit, the greater it will prove our true love. Lead the children to see what they can do in the home to prove their love for brother, sister and parents.

Present each child with a picture of the wise men. If these pictures cannot be obtained, then just use cut-outs from drawing paper as the rest of your pictures have been. You can obtain patterns from any primary grade teacher.

Where a Christmas Program is given by the School, and the Kindergarten participates, then one of the lessons will be omitted unless it could be used as a part of the kindergarten exercises.



Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill,
Brigham Young University

Bulletin No. 1

Letters of inquiry have been received by this Department concerning the Religion Class work for 1925-26. The spirit of these enquiries reveals a very wholesome attitude and indicates an enthusiasm for the work which is indeed commendable.

It is a pleasure to report that there will

be ready for distribution by August 25th, the following Religion Class materials:

1. Handbook.
2. Roll Book.
3. First Grade Lesson Book.
4. Second Grade Lesson Book.
5. Third Grade Reader.
6. Fourth Grade Reader.
7. Fifth Grade Reader.
8. Sixth Grade Reader.

9. Seventh Grade Reader.

10. Eighth Grade Reader.

The Deseret Book Company will handle the distribution of these materials at the following prices:

Handbook—15c a copy.

Roll Book—15c a copy—8 for \$1.00 cash.

Lesson Books—35c copy—\$4.00 Dozen cash.

Attention is called to the fact that the first and second grade lesson books are essentially for the teacher's use, the pupils being unable to read. All of the other books, however, are to be used by both teacher and pupils. Stress should be placed upon the advisability of pupils buying these books.

The first, third, fourth, fifth and seventh grade books are the same as those used last year. The second, sixth and eighth grade books are new. The handbook is the same as last year, as is also the roll book. We desire a wide use of the handbook. It answers many inquiries about which it would otherwise be necessary to write to this department.

With all of these materials available it becomes the opportunity of stake and ward officers and teachers to carry forward the classes. We hope that every organization will be complete and that with the commencement of school the Religion Classes will start off with determination and enthusiasm to do effective work.

We welcome your inquiries and stand ready to be of service whenever possible.

Sincerely you brethren,

Department of Education.

STAKE RELIGION CLASS CONVENTIONS, 1925

Program

- I. Sunday, 10 to 12 a. m.—Meeting of Stake and Ward Boards of Education; Stake Superintendent, Supervisors and Secretary; Ward Principals, Secretaries and Instructors

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.
3. Singing.
4. Announcements and report of present conditions.....Stake Superintendent.
5. Matters Vital to Success in Religion Class Work (Discussion of the Handbook).....Led by General Representative.
 - a. Organization.
 - b. Duties of Officers.
 - c. Meetings.
 - d. Records and Reports.
 - e. Enrollment.
 - f. Use of Public School Buildings and Teachers.
 - g. The Juvenile Instructor.
6. Singing.
7. Benediction.

- II. Sunday, 2 to 4 p. m.—Meeting of Stake and Ward Boards of Education; Stake Superintendent, Supervisors and Secretary; Ward Principals, Secretaries and Instructors

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.
3. Discussion led by General Representative.
 - a. The texts, 1 to 8, and how they should be used.
 - b. Some outstanding characteristics of good teaching.
4. Singing.
5. Benediction.

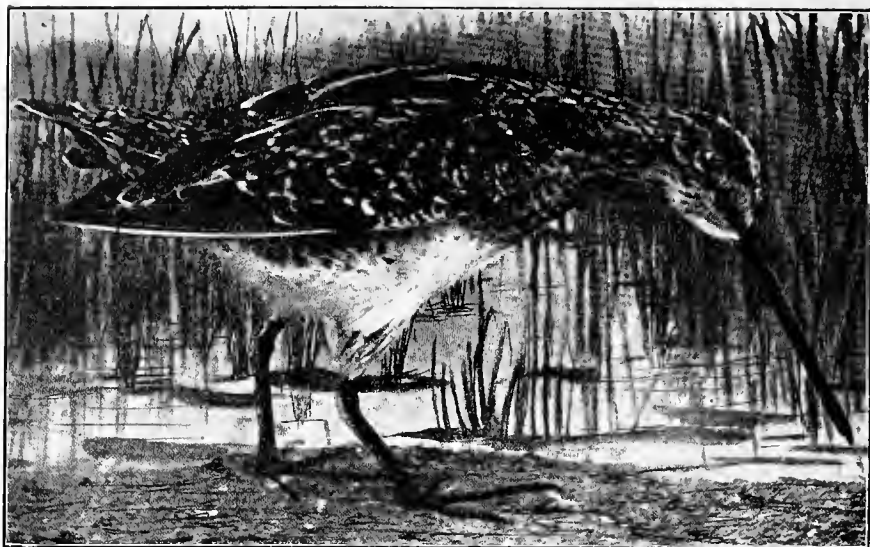
- III. Sunday Evening (usual hour)—General Meeting for Stake Membership.

1. Singing.
2. Prayer.
3. Singing.
4. Instructions to Parents.....Stake President.
5. Prospects for Religion Class Work, 1925-26.....Stake Superintendent.
6. Children's Chorus.
7. What is Religion and What is its Importance in Life?.....General Representative.
8. Singing.
9. Benediction.

Life's Greatest Joy

*Have you ever helped another?
Ever earned a grateful smile?
Ever asked a weary brother in
To ride with you a mile?
Have you ever given freely
Of your riches and your worth?
If you haven't, then you've really
Missed the greatest joy on earth.*

*Has a thrill of pride possessed you?
Have you felt your pulses run
As a weaker brother blessed you
For some good that you had done?
Have you seen eyes start to glisten
That were sad before you came?
If you haven't, stop and listen.
You have missed life's finest game.
—The Little Messenger.*



The Wilson Snipe

By D. W. Parratt, Executive Secretary, Utah Education Association.

"Ho, for the marshes, green with spring,

Where the bitterns croak and the plovers pipe,

Where the gaunt old heron spreads his wings,

Above the haunt of rail and snipe."

—*Thompson*

There are about one hundred different varieties of snipes scattered throughout the world. Less than one-third of these live in or visit the United States. Of those in our country perhaps the best known and most widely distributed is the common Jack or Wilson snipe. He is the little fellow usually seen wading our shallow marshes, fens, and swamps.

The Wilson snipe is closely related to the woodcock and measures from ten to twelve inches in length. The upper parts of his body are speckled black and buff stripes and the under parts are white. Three buff stripes adorn his small head and an even mantle of buff and black surrounds his stout neck.

The bill is about three inches in

length, black in color, and peculiarly adapted to probing in mud and soft soils. His slender legs and long toes readily suggest a habit of shallow water. His eyes are placed far back on the sides of his head so that he can look backward as well as forward while probing for food. His tail is short and in consequence he cannot be listed with birds of graceful flight.

Male and female jack snipes are alike in appearance, with the female having a slight advantage over her mate in size and weight.

The bird's fondness for shallow water and his ability to probe into mud indicate the source of his food. He is a master at catching worms, insects, and small fish. These together with roots of various aquatic plants go to make an ordinary meal for the snipe. His choicest morsel seems to be the root of the Wilson plant and from this he gets his familiar name.

The favorite breeding grounds of the Wilson snipe extend throughout southern Canada from the Pacific to the Atlantic. They also extend into many

of the valleys in the central and northern Rocky Mountain states.

As a rule snipes reach our own valley in early summer and begin immediately to "keep house." Their nests are made in considerable numbers along the shallow waters west of Jordan River and are usually but slight depressions in the soft soil lined with a scant supply of grass and weeds.

The eggs, three or else four to a setting, are olive-gray and splotched on the larger ends with umber. They are so arranged in the nest that the smaller ends come together, thus occupying the least amount of space and at the same time affording color protection against searching enemies.

"When hatched, the young leave the nest at once. They are tiny little things covered with yellow and brown down. At this age the bill is short, and the young are unable to probe for food. Audubon says that at first they seem to feed on minute insects found on the surface of the mud, or amid grass and moss. It is possible that they do so, but probably no one knows very clearly just how they are nourished for the first few days of their lives, but as they grow older and the bill increases in length and strength, they begin to feed as do the old ones, and probe the mire. Only one brood is raised each season."

When the young are old enough to care for themselves, and when autumn is well advanced, our snipes migrate to Mexico and southern California. Those living further east in Canada ordinarily spend their winters in the Gulf states.

A sweet, musical call of "yiep-yiep-yiep" usually indicates that the bird has taken to wing and a curious, whistling sound, made by the rapid vibration of his wings, give evidence that he is in full flight. His course is irregular but swift. To retard speed upon lighting, he spreads his tail into a fan-like posi-

tion to create a back pressure from the air. His feet are ready for action as soon as they touch the ground, and after a short run over the open shore he comes to a comfortable stop.

In spring, and, to a less extent, in fall, the snipe often practices a curious performance, called by some sportsmen booming, by others drumming. The birds of which there are likely to be a considerable number, rise high in the air, circle more or less about overhead, often uttering a twittering song, and then may suddenly drop from a great height toward the ground, causing a humming or drumming sound, which is believed to result from the air passing rapidly between the quill feathers.'

The jack snipe has long been the esteemed object for sportsmen. His flesh is fine grained and very delicious. Fortunately for him, his peculiar twisting flight has rendered him a difficult mark for inexperienced shooters. At times, however, as the closed season advances, he becomes less suspicious and in consequences an easier prey to "powder and shot."

Until lately, snipes of our state were almost without legal protection. At present, however, we have a law that will go far toward saving them from extermination. A section of this law is as follows:

"It shall be unlawful for any person to take, kill, wound, shoot or have in his possession any wild ducks, or geese, or to rob or destroy any nest, egg, or young of any wild duck, goose, or snipe. This provision shall not prohibit the killing of not more than six geese or twenty-five of all other birds mentioned in this section in any one day, during the season allowed therefore, which shall commence on the first day of October and close on the 31st day of December of each year."

EVERYBODY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL
OCTOBER 25, 1925.

CHILDRENS SECTION



Founded Upon the Rock

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp.

CHAPTER V.

The Little Hand-Maiden

Sue's Mama grieved very much concerning the accident to her husband's eye. She wept and wept. One day a sister of courage said to her:—

"Sister Halverson, your husband has lost one of his eyes. You'll lose both of yours if you don't stop crying about it."

"Oh, but he had such beautiful, beautiful eyes!" mourned Sister Halverson. I can't get used to his sadly-changed countenance."

"Don't feel so sorry, Mother Dear," began little Sue. "Just remember that Father is 'founded upon the rock'."

"You speak like a grown-up," declared Sister Halverson.

"I speak the way I feel," said Sue. "Since father has lost his eye, I love him all the more. I'm sure he can tell truth from error more clearly with one eye than some men can with two eyes."

"You are your father's second self," said Sue's mother, smiling. Hope and forward-looking deeds are foes to despair."

At that moment Sue's father entered with an open letter, which ran: Dear Brother:—

Little Sue loves music dearly, and I am now in a position to teach her a great deal. Won't you please let her come and live with me a year?

Aunt May.

"May I go, Papa?" asked Sue eagerly.

"Not yet, my child," answered he.

"Aunt May means well, but I cannot let you go. Her husband is not a member of our Church. Aunt May, instead of being true to her principles, is sharing his unbelief and turning against her own religion."

So nothing was said about Aunt May's kind plan.

That afternoon Sue's Mama sent her to Grandma Bahr's with a gift of strawberries. It was a lovely walk for Sue, as Grandma Bahr lived about three miles distant.

She stopped in the grove to rest a bit. Here she met Aunt May and Uncle Lawrence.

"We are on our way to get you, Dear," said Aunt May.

"Papa received your letter, but he says I cannot go."

"What more did he say?" asked Aunt May.

Sue, in utmost frankness, explained. "He says you mean well, but he cannot let me go."

"Just as I had guessed it might be," said Aunt May. "Perhaps he thinks I might turn your young mind away from your religion."

"Oh, you couldn't do that," said Sue, "because I'm just exactly like father—I'm founded upon the rock."

"Hear the child!" said Aunt May.

"What does a little girl like you know about religion, I wonder?"

"I dare say she knows a good deal," said Uncle Lawrence. "Come Sue, tell me about the Book of Mormon."

"The Book of Mormon," said Sue, her honest, blue eyes looking steadfastly at Uncle Lawrence, "was at first a book of gold which lay hidden in the Hill Cumorah for hundreds and hundreds of years. It was revealed to

Joseph the Prophet by the Angel Moroni. Joseph the Prophet translated it by the gift and power of God."

"Do you believe it is true, little girl?" asked Uncle Lawrence.

"Yes, I know it is true," said Sue simply.

"How do you know it?"

"By the Spirit of God which whispers to my spirit."

Uncle Lawrence was not through with his questions. "What do you know about Joseph the Prophet?" said he.

Sue prayed in her heart for a proper answer, then continued, "I know he was the true prophet called of God."

"Now tell me about the principles of the gospel," said Uncle Lawrence.

Again Sue prayed in her heart that she might give an intelligent answer.

"You mean the foundation-stones?" she asked in childish frankness.

"Whatever you call them. Your missionaries say the first principles and ordinances," said he.

"Oh yes, I know," said glad-voiced Sue. "The first is faith. It is the foundation of all righteousness. The second is repentance which makes us clean before God and ready for baptism. The third is the ordinance of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins. The fourth is the ordinance of the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Sue's Uncle listened attentively, then said, "Why were you baptized, Sue?"

Her answer came readily, "To follow in the footsteps of our Savior who was baptized of John in the River Jordan."

"And the Sacrament," said Uncle Lawrence, "why do you partake of it?"

"I partake of the Sacrament that I shall always remember Jesus our Savior and have His Spirit to be with me."

"Tithing next," said Uncle Lawrence

in an interested tone which made Sue feel much more at ease.

"Tithing is a law of giving. Papa calls it loving and giving. Only those who obey it come to know that sacrifice is sweet to the soul."

"And my dear little Sue, do you intend to live up to the gospel requirements?" asked Uncle Lawrence in all kindness.

"I will try with all my heart," said Sue, "because I want to be numbered among wise folk."

"What do you mean by that, my child?" asked Uncle Lawrence in his friendly way.

"I'm thinking of the words of our Savior," said Sue.

Uncle Lawrence carried with him a pocket edition of The New Testament. He turned as directed by Sue to Matthew seventh chapter and read aloud:

"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto the wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

"And the rain descendeth and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon the house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

"And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man which built his house upon the sand:

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall thereof."

"The doctrine is beautiful," said Uncle Lawrence.

"And sound and true, too," said Aunt May.

From that very hour, Sue became nearer and dearer to Uncle Lawrence and Aunt May.

"I am beginning to discern the light," said Uncle Lawrence, "yes the light of The Great Vision is dawning in my soul."

And thus we leave little Sue, a happy, earnest child playing among

the Sego Lilies of her native state. Blessed is our little hand-maiden and highly favored, for she dwells in the light of The Great Vision. She loves the story of Joseph the Prophet, who communed with God the Father and His Son Jesus Christ. Thrice-blessed is she that she desires to be established in Christ's truth, "founded upon the rock."

(*The End*)

Tasunka's Promise

(Indian legend)

By Anna Musser

Tasunka, an Indian boy, lived with his grandmother at the side of a great stone mountains too smooth and high to be climbed over.

"What can there be on the other side?" he asked his grandmother again and again.

"Great forests, perhaps, and strange animals," she would sometimes say, and other times, "tribes that we do not know—maybe spirit-people."

But instead of spirits or strange tribes, great herds of buffalo lived there. Now there was one buffalo mightier than any of the rest. He had magic power to change the forms of things as he chose. But if he ever drank from water that was not pure and sacred he would lose this gift.

The buffaloes never tried to cross the mountain for they knew that on the other side lived men who hunted and killed animals. But the great Buffalo had more curiosity than any of the others, so he hunted out a pass across the mountain and finally came to the plain where Tasunka was playing.

"Oh, what a mighty animal!" exclaimed the boy, astonished but not frightened. "See him, grandmother; he must be more powerful than anything else on earth."

The two were very kind to their

guest and were soon good friends with him.

"You are very good to me," said the Buffalo. "Now what can I do for you? I can change you into any form you like."

"I should not like to be changed into anything," said Tasunka thoughtfully, "but I wish I could become a very swift runner."

"I wish," said the old grandmother, "to be changed so that I can be with my boy wherever he goes."

Then the shaggy magician led them back to his own land and told his friends their wishes.

"Yes," they said slowly, "we will teach the boy to run swiftly if he will promise never to hurt us."

"Hurt you!" laughed Tasunka. "Why, I couldn't even pull your hair hard enough to make you snort."

"Ah, but you will be a man with a man's power some day, and you must promise not to hunt or kill us, and you must teach your people not to."

So the boy promised. Then they taught him to run so swiftly that at length he sped along faster than they. The great Buffalo changed the grandmother into the wind so that she could sail at his side and be always with him. After a number of happy years had passed Tasunka was a man and wished to return to his people.

"Ah, what a runner!" exclaimed the people who watched him skim over the smooth rock path from the buffalo land.

"I will make him my chief hunter," declared the old chief. "Mighty runner, take the honor of leading my young men to the hunt. Catch me some of these shaggy brutes who follow you."

Abashed, Tasunka paused before the gorgeously dressed chief. How strong all the men looked, how lovely the young girls, but most of all, how state-ly were the great eagle feathers in the chief's headdress,



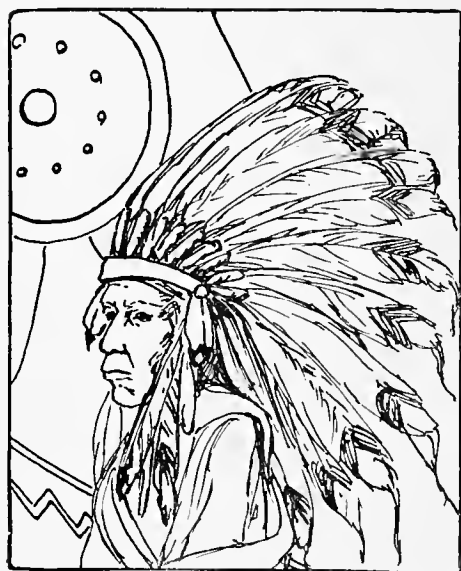
"See him, Grandmother, he must be more powerful than anything else on earth."

"These creatures are very powerful," he said, hesitating, ashamed to tell this august chief and the crowd of strangers of the promise he had made as a little boy.

"They might be too powerful for ordinary men," remarked the chief's daughter.

"Kill me a buffalo, mighty runner," said the chief, "and I will adopt you as my son and make you chief when I die."

The wind whispered in his ears, but



"She is fingering those eagle feathers to show me how beautiful they are."

he could not hear what she said because he did not try to.

"See," he said to himself, "she is fingering those eagle feathers to show me how beautiful they are."

So he called to the hunters and bounded away over the smooth, grassy ground. There were no stones in those days nor any little, low bushes. The trees all grew in even lines so that one did not have to stop and make a path through a forest. Tasunka felt the wind's long hair beating against his

bare arms and she hummed so loudly in his ears he was almost deafened. But on he ran, letting his first arrow fly. One of the tired buffalo fell. Then sped his second arrow, and his third, each carrying death. Now the other hunters came up and great slaughter took place.

Hastily the men began to drag their kill homeward. But sharp stones cut through their moccasins and tangles of little bushes blocked up their way, while the great tall trees were bent and twisted and their roots upraised and intertwined.

"We are surely lost," gasped the tired hunters again and again. But finally Tasunka saw through a little clearing the chief's gorgeous feathers.

"Ah," he cried, "for those bright feathers I have sinned and brought my people the hardship of the stony path and tangled, painful forest way,—for these bright feathers!"

The Birds Testify

By Adolph M. Reeder.

One morning recently I was plowing in the field with six horses hitched to a gang plow. Suddenly I came upon a little bird. She was frantic, flapping her wings and making such a noise. It was really pitiful. At first I wondered if she was hurt. I stopped the horses and looked over the ground and there on the bare open field was her nest. It was only a few straws but in it lay three eggs and a little bird. I wondered what I could do to help the poor anxious mother bird. If I did plow around the nest one of those horses would surely step on it.

Just then my little five year old boy came riding along on the pony. When he saw the nest he wanted to take it to the house, saying he could hatch the eggs by the stove and play with the little birds. He was all beaming with smiles.

"Now what if some one came and took you from your Mama?" I said.

"I'd run away and come back." He replied.

"You would break the Mother Bird's heart. She has been sitting here in the open field during all the recent storms, keeping her eggs warm so they would hatch."

When he realized how disturbed she was over the danger to her nest, he was satisfied.

What could I do to save the nest and its precious occupants? I stepped over and picked up the whole of it and placed it carefully over where the land was already plowed, then drove on.

When I came around next time the Male Bird had heard the cries of Mother and came to join her. They were both running about hunting for the nest, making a great noise. The second time I passed they had found it and the Male Bird was sitting on it. He looked so happy. The Mama Bird stood near by just as contented as any mother.

A little later a Sea-Gull alighted near them. He was looking for worms. To us the Sea-Gull is more than just a beautiful white bird. To them he must have been a great enemy. He might devour their little one.

You should have seen how that male bird, though much smaller, fought the large bird, until finally the Sea-Gull flew away and did not return.

When I returned after dinner, I told my boy to stand a stick up near the nest so I could see it when I came along with the harrow and float. When he had done so he said, "Why the eggs are all hatched. There are four little birds here now."

But I could see the parent birds were suspicious. I believe they were afraid there was a trap attached to the stick. Soon after this I saw them coaxing their little flock away to the marsh. As the little ones followed, they flapped their little wings and stretched their

little bodies, occasionally gazing out into the big world they had come to live in so recently.

It gave me a happy feeling to think how I had saved the lives of those little birds, and made the parents' joy complete, and I thought as I saw them go: "May the blessings of heaven attend you for the sweet testimony of the divine gift of Mother Love." It was such a fine lesson, just preceding Mother's Day. I had been thinking that morning of the approach of Mother's Day and its meaning. How fitting it is that there should be set apart one day in each year in honor of Mother. The great Creator was liberal enough to grant Mother Love to all his creatures so that even the birds testify.

The anxiety of the little bird was like the anxious mother when the children are sick or in danger. The Male Bird heard her cry and came to help her. They were both anxious, then they both showed humble gratitude for deliverance. Their nest was just as precious to them as our homes are sacred to us. The Sea-Gull to them was a great destroyer just as sin is to the children of men. And with what bravery and courage our parents seek to drive away from us everything destructive to the soul.

Then as the little ones followed along, eager to learn the lessons of the marsh, I wondered; "Are there any temptations or bad habits in the realm of the Kill-Deer?" I suppose they have hope for this life only, perhaps not, but with the wonderful light that has come to us of the meaning of life and our future relations, how blessed it is to have parents who teach and direct us with such clear vision. Thanks to our Heavenly Father for such an abundance of testimony. "Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee, little Kill-Deer!"

EVERYBODY IN SUNDAY SCHOOL
OCTOBER 25, 1925.

A Little Lie

A little lie was born one morn,
A feeble fib so white and small
It seemed too weak a thing to live,
Too innocent to count at all.

But every minute gave it strength—
By noon it had begun to talk;
By nightfall it was on its feet,
And crookedly began to walk.

Another morn it was full grown
And making friends, forsooth;
Another night and it was wed—
For reputation—to a truth.

And from this union soon were born
Half-truths that nevermore would
die
For nothing is so hard to kill
As half a truth and half a lie.
—*W. D. Vincent.*

When the Weather is Cloudy

"The weather is cloudy this morning," said Maude's father, at the breakfast table.

"Why, father the sun is shining as bright as can be," cried Maude.

"Oh, that sun! But I meant the inside weather."

Maude's sister Susy looked up from her plate. Her face was dull and cross. She turned quickly away from her father.

"What is inside weather, father?" asked Maude.

"Oh, when any one in the family comes to breakfast late and wishes there was something good to eat, and wishes the canary bird would not make so much noise, and wishes that old school wouldn't begin so early, why then I think the inside weather is rather cloudy."

Maude looked at her father a minute and then laughed. "Father makes inside sunshine, anyway," she said.—*The Messenger.*

Real Baseball

Our center field had golden locks,
Our left was short and fat,
And Hal was in the pitcher's box
And George behind the bat.

We took the field without a word,
And grim was every face,
With Bob at first and Will at third
And me at second base.

Among the green New Hampshire
hills,
Of forests then unhewn,
We played the game of countless
thrills

Through all the afternoon,

Until against the azure sky
Arose a mighty shout!
'Twas I who gripped that arching fly
And put the last man out!

And still where gallant deeds are done
I tell the tale anew:
Our rival's score was thirty-one
And ours was fifty-two!

—*Arthur Guiterman, in Liberty.*

The Wishing Girl

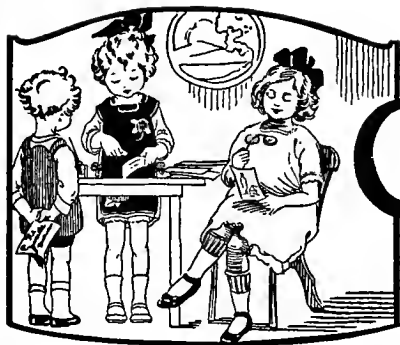
She wished she were a princess,
Or, better still, a queen;
She wished to see strange countries
That she had never seen.

She saw the wealthy ladies
And wished to take their place;
She wished for their fine jewels.
Their satins and their lace.

She wished that all her duties
Were changed to play and fun,
Or that, by merely wishing,
Her duties could be done.

But strange, with all her wishing,
She never wished to be
The helpful and unselfish girl
That others wish to see.

—*Exchange.*



The Children's BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box. "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

What Fire Flames Resemble

Have you ever watched the fire flames

In the darkness of the night,
As their flames go flying upward,
And the smoke trails out of sight?

Have you noticed what it resembles,
As the sparks go flying high?
If you haven't I think I'll tell you,
Or, at least I think I'll try.

The sparks are like the tiny stars,
That shine in the sky so blue,
And the white smoke that's going upward,
Looks as a snow cloud through and through.

The black smoke looks like the heavy cloud,
That forces the sunlight back,
Whenever there is a thunder storm,
And the earth looks drear and black.
The flames are like the lightning
That flashes amid the storm,
And the sky which shows above the fire,

Is as clear as a wintry morn.

Mary Empey,

Age 15. Bloomington, Washington
County, Utah



PHOTO BY MILDRED PETERS

Brigham City, Utah,

Age 14.

R. F. D. No. 2

The Mother Bird's Family

It was haying time when we found that a king bird had built her nest on the very top of the derrick. We hated to move the derrick into the stack yard because we thought the king bird would leave the nest and also three young ones, but we had to move it anyway.

We had four stack yards to move it into from one to the other till the hay was all up. The old mother bird stayed with the derrick and took good care of her young. She fed them grasshoppers and other large insects.

When it was very hot the old mother bird would sit on the edge of the nest and hold her wing over them to shade them from the sun.

Now the mother bird is going to teach them to fly. They are getting all their feathers and are growing very fast.

Age 12.

Blanche Harrison,
Downey, Idaho.

Our Baby

We have a sweet baby dear in our home,

His name is Harvey Sam

He gets into the ice-box and eats the bread and jam.

He does not even need a spoon

But strings it all around the room.

He runs, and my! how he can walk!

Two years old and cannot talk.

He has a trike on which he rides

And my how he can go!

The speed he takes across the room

Is far from being slow.

Age 7.

Olive Elizabeth McFate,
309 S. Garfield,
Alhambra, Calif.

Spring

The birds are calling loudly,

From out the trees today;

They are singing very gladly,

For Spring's coming here this way.

The rain drops softly patter,
And bring the grass anew,
They are falling with a spatter,
To bring out violets blue.

The dainty little lillies,
With their dresses pink and white,
Fear the winter wind so chilly,
Love the sun so warm and bright,

The leaflets green are growing,
Grass is growing round the door.

The sparkling brook is flowing,

For Spring is here once more.

Age 13.

Mildred Cox,

Woodruff, Rich Co., Utah.



PHOTO BY LYDIA OSGUTHROPE
Age 15. St. Anthony, Idaho

Service

I love the dear Jesus with all my heart
And will try always to do my part,
When the hard things come in view,
I will endeavor to make them few,
And try to make sunshine where there
is none,

And finish each task when it is begun
For I love the dear Jesus.

Age 13.

Lydia Washburn,
Kirtland, New Mexico.

Mother

I love my mother,
My mother loves me;
I love my mother
She's kind as can be.

I try to help mother,
For she always helps me;
I have a mother
That's kind as can be.

When I am happy
My mother is glad;
When I am sorry
My mother is sad.

We ought to be kind
To mother indeed,
For she's kind to us
When we are in need.

I should love mother
For mother loves me,
My love for mother
Is true as can be.

Eugene F. Olsen,
Age 8. Byron, Wyoming.

Cutie Wee

Dear Friends: I am going to tell you a story of my life. Of course I am not writing it myself, for my little mistress is.

I was born in a nice, comfortable garage.

We were living happily until the hired man drowned my brothers and sisters. My mother, fearing that they would drown me, told me to follow her, which I did. I was growing very tired when suddenly we came to a barn which had a few old quilts in it. My mother lay down and I followed her example. I was very tired, and soon fell asleep. When I awoke my mother and I went out to find something to eat. We found a few old scraps, which we ate greedily. We went back to the barn which was now our new home. We were sniffing around when a little girl came in. She

looked very kind, and I ran up to her. She patted me on the head and began talking to me. She gave me some bones and milk. She named me "Cutie Wee," and we are living with her and are very happy.

Evelyn Noble,
1463 Edison St.,
Age 11. Salt Lake City, Utah.



PHOTO BY LUCILE BATES
Age 10. Prescott, Arizona

My Mother

Dear little mother, you shall see
I'll be as good as I can be;
When I grow up to be a man
I'll love you all that my heart can.

I love you so, my dearie,
Because, do you know why?
Because you gave me everything
My heart is glad; why shouldn't I?
Age 5. Jay Paul Thomas
878 25th St.,
Ogden, Utah.

The Farmer Boy

I am a merry farmer boy,
I waste no time to play,
I am up at six in the morning,
And go to work for the day.

And when I work I do my best,
I work the whole day long;
And when I'm through I rest awhile,
That's why I'm big and strong.

Howard V. Richards,

Age 10. Union, Utah.



PHOTO BY LEO DESPAIN

Age 13. Venice, Utah

The First Fish

While in the Yellowstone Park, I arose one morning very early and went down to "Fishing Bridge," to try my luck at fishing. I ate no breakfast as I expected to return with enough salmon trout to supply everyone at camp. There seemed to be worlds of fish at this particular place, and for this reason it had been

rightly named. The only bait I used was a fly hook. I felt very smart as I threw the line into the middle of the stream, waiting to catch the largest trout that had ever been caught. I was told that it takes a great deal of patience to catch trout. I had been in high spirits all morning, but now I was getting very discouraged. When, suddenly the line gave a quick jerk. Much to my surprise the line was seized from my hand, then there was a great splash. Without realizing I gave a yell of fright, and losing my balance, I nearly fell into the water. Being so angry and disappointed, the only thing I could do now was to watch Mr. Trout go sailing down the stream with my new fishing rod. The fish I was so doting upon was gone forever, and as for the hook, I suppose it is still stuck in its throat.

Lucile Farrer,

185 Vine Street,

Age 14. Murray, Utah.

The Flowers

We never quite appreciate
The beauty of the flowers,
The fragrance that they shed around,
Through Spring and Summer
hours.

The primrose in the meadow,
So delicate and fair,
The pansy, rose and violet,
A blooming everywhere,

Until their fragrant beauty
Is departing fast on wing,
Never to return again,
Until the coming spring.

So let us now appreciate,
The flowers while they're here,
And let them make us happy,
And lend to others cheer.

Erma Swain,

Age 12. Pheonix, Arizona.

The Barnyard Cross-Word Puzzle

In the Juvenile Instructor,
A cross-word puzzle came—
It kept me always thinking,
To find a word or name.

Some words were very easy
To fit in small, white squares,
But nineteen and thirty-two
Gave me some awful scares.

The dictionary lended
Some very good advice,
Because I could not think of
Number ten in just a trice.

All my earthly knowledge
Was put to the utmost test,
And now this puzzle's ended,
I'll settle down to rest.

Earl Ottley,
R. F. D., No. 3, Box 146,
Age 15. Sandy, Utah.

A True Story

When I was a little boy four years old, my tonsils used to swell and make my neck sore. I could hardly stand it, it hurt so badly.

Mama would rub olive oil on my neck at night and pray for me to be well.

In the morning the swelling would all be gone down, but in the afternoon it would come back again.

It happened this way for three or four days, going down at night and then swelling up again in the afternoon.

One morning when I got up, I said, "Mama, hurry and put some olive oil on my neck and pray for me then the swelling won't come any more."

She did it and it has never hurt me again.

W. Humel Cragun,
R. D., No. 1, Box 91,
Age 9. Pleasant Grove, Utah.

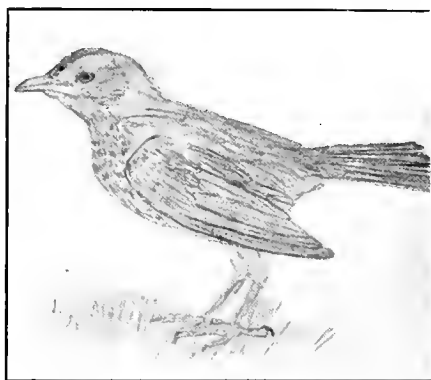
Little Carla Rae

I have a baby sister,
She is as sweet as she can be,
I love to rock and tend her—
Don't you wish that you were me?

Her hair is soft and curly,
Her cheeks are pink and sweet,
And I love my little darling pet;
From her head to her tiny feet.

She came to us last Christmas,
It was a happy day,
When old Santa brought to us
Our little Carla Rae.

Age 7. Delna Neves,
Burlington, Wyo.



DRAWN BY HAROLD ALLEN
Blackfoot, Idaho,
Box 315

Age 13.

Our Bluebirds

We have two little bluebirds,
That come back every year.
They build their nest in our house
And sing their songs of cheer.

I love to watch them build their nests,
And carry little weeds;
I love to feed them little crumbs
And lots of tiny seeds.

How sad I feel when winter comes
And the little bluebirds fly away.
They leave their cosy little nest
And take their songs so gay.
Age 9. Madeline Sprague,
Junction, Utah.

The Leaves of Autumn

The leaves are falling, falling fast,

In the Autumn breeze,
They roll and dance and sing and
laugh.

In the Autumn breeze.

The leaves are dressed in yellow,

The leaves are dressed in brown,

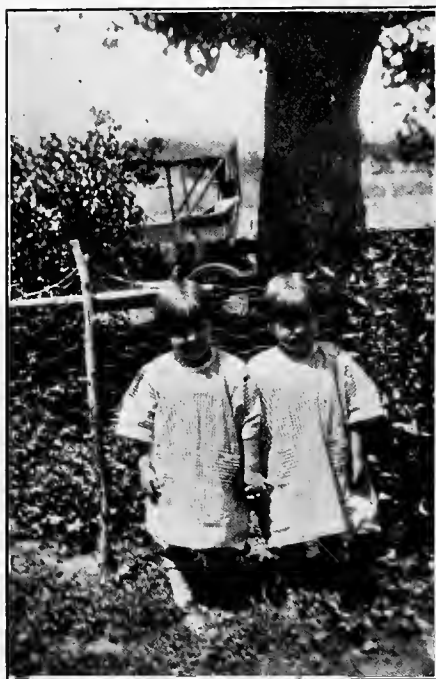
The leaves are dressed in red,

In their Autumn gown.

Age 9.

Rayona Sawyer,

Gridley, Calif.



TWINS

Nellie and Nancy Besendorfer

Photo by May Casper,

Charleston, Utah

Age 11.

Healed Through Faith

My tather was very sick with inflammatory rheumatism. He was so bad that he could hardly move a finger. He was very sick and in much pain, Mama was very worried. At last she called the elders in to administer to papa. One of them was our Pa-

triarch. The elders had not gone a half hour until we asked papa how he felt and he said he felt much better. He could move his legs and hands much better than he could before. From that time on he improved. It wasn't long until he was able to sit up in a chair. Soon he was able to walk around.

Viva Zemp,

Age 14. Cardston, Alberta, Canada.

School

School, school, dear old school

Every teacher has a rule:

Get your studies, then go play—

It's so much fun on a sunny day.

Lots of eyes are on the clock

Watching it go tick-tock

It has many rounds to go

And sometimes it goes so slow.

Lots of children like to play,

Some are quiet, some are gay,

All girls are either fat or slim

But the boys, they're awful thin.

All the teachers teach us much

How to do just such and such;

Teach us to be kind and true

But sometimes it is hard to do.

Irene Smith,

Age 10. Route 4, Burley, Idaho.

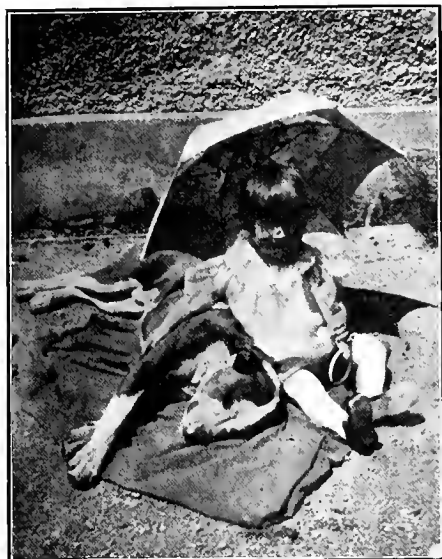
The Person Who Succeeds

The person who wishes to succeed must first learn obedience. He must find a job that he likes, learning all there is to be known about that particular work. Then he should put his knowledge into action. He should do his job, whatever it is, a little better than is expected of him. Most people regard work as a penalty, thus giving the main reason for unsuccessful people. Do something extra! If he doesn't do something extra he is working just as a slave. A person cannot sit down

and expect to gain success. He must work and do something for himself.

Marie Baker,
710 East Saturn Ave.,
Huntington Park, Calif.

Age 13.



CONTENTED

Photo by Elva Tippetts,
Benjamin, Utah

Age 14.

The Cardinal

The Cardinal is a crimson bird.
In spring, summer and fall is heard
The cheerfulness of his song,
Saying "Nothing is wrong, Nothing
is wrong."

His cheery words are "Good Cheer,
Good Cheer."

And he predicts, "Wet year, Wet
year."

He loves to bathe in the "babbling
stream."

He's just like a little sunbeam.

He sings in the apple tree,
Sweetly to me, sweetly to me.
In the marshy summac he plays,
Under the sun's golden rays.

Ruth Cecille Zuppann,
3931 Everett Ave.,
Oakland, California.

Age 12.

The Canyon

The canyon! oh the canyon,
Is the place I long to be;
To go and camp among the pines
And be forever free.

To fish in her crystal waters,
To climb the mountain crest;
And at night to listen to murmuring
waters,
That gently lull you to rest.

To go up mid the rockies
And see the waterfalls
Where the canyon echoes and reechoes
With strange and mighty calls.

Age 14.

Mae Holfeltz,
Vernal, Utah.



DRAWN BY LAURINA WILLIAMS

Linden Ave, Boise, Idaho,
Route No. 5

Age 13.

The Prairies

The fairies live on dewdrops,
The fairies live on flowers,
The fairies live on moonbeams,
In the fairy hours.

The fairies live in trees,
In the forest green
They sing and dance all day long,
In the forest green.

Age 11.

Verna Swan.
Gridley, Calif.

The Way to Overcome

When first from slumber waking,
No matter what the hour,
If you will say, "Dear Jesus,
Come, fill me with Thy power,"
You'll find that every trouble,
And every care and sin,
Will vanish, surely, fully,
Because Christ enters in.

It may be late in morning,
Or in the dark, before,
When first you hear His knocking:
But open wide the door,
And say to Him, "Dear Jesus,
Come in and take the throne,
Lest Satan with his angels
Should claim it for his own."

Ilma Blackwell,

P. O. Box 584,

Age 12.

Evanston, Wyo.



August Puzzle

BARNYARD CROSSWORDS

Winners

- Arvilla Allen, 135 West Main, Rexburg, Idaho.
Marjory Burt, 117 J. Street, Salt Lake City Utah.
Etta Butter, 173 Adams Street, Twin Falls Idaho.
George M. Bell, 83 E, 3rd North, Logan, Utah.
Harriet Conger, R. F. D. No. 1, Lorenzo, Idaho.

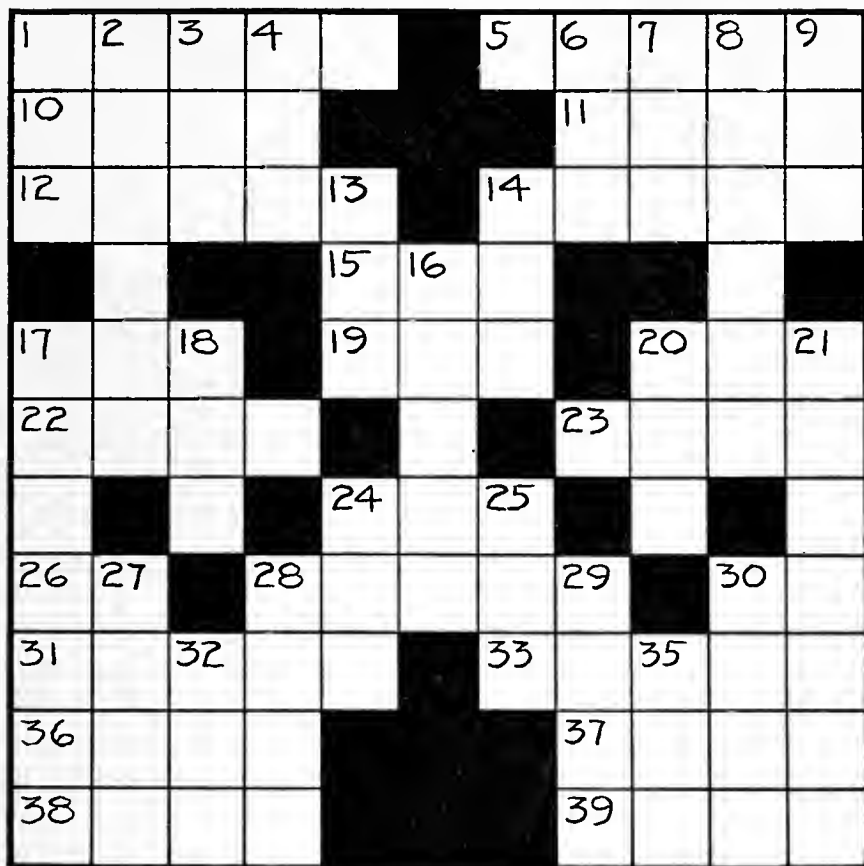
- Grace Carmack, Box 44, Joseph City, Arizona.
Hazel Carmack, Box 44, Joseph City, Arizona.
Gurena DeLange, Richfield, Utah.
Horace Lincoln Hulme, Bloomington, Idaho.
Dorothy Johnson, Richmond, Utah.
Earl Ottley, Sandy, Utah, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 146.
La Mar Petersen, 135 So. 11th E., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Elizabeth Stoddard, Jerome, Idaho.
Zesta A. Taylor, Ogden, Utah, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 100 D.
Chas. W. Warnick, Pleasant Grove, Utah.
Lorna Young, Macdoel, California.

Honorable Mention

- Hulda Burgener, Midview, Utah.
Olga Butler, East Mill Creek, Utah
Sylvia F. Carr, Bountiful, Utah
Della Clark, Colonia Dublan, Chih., Mexico
Ella Dees, Jerome, Idaho
Thelma Dexter, Cumberland, Wyoming
Phyllis Durfey, Collinston, Utah
Dora Eggert, Buhl, Idaho
Harriet Fowler, Idaho Falls, Idaho
Ileen Frandsen, Price, Utah
Alton Harris, Salt Lake City, Utah
Kezie Heaton, Moccasin, Arizona
Reid Heywood, Veyo, Utah
Lizzie Jolley, Elberta, Utah
Mary Lyman, Delta, Utah
Althen Lyon, Firth, Idaho
Elva McBride, Hyrum, Utah
Eva Merkley, Vernal, Utah
Margaret Miller, Tremonton, Utah
Hazel Robinson, Laketown, Utah
Wilma Twitchell, Logan, Utah
Grace Waylett, Missoula, Montana
Karine Wursten, North Logan, Utah

Cross-Word Puzzle

Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under seventeen who correctly solve the cross word puzzle on the following page, and send us the best original drawing, or photograph, or the best article of not to exceed three hundred words, or poem of not to exceed twenty lines on any subject. Answers must be in by Nov. 1, 1925, and all contributions are subject to the rules provided in "The Children's Budget Box." Address Puzzle Editor, *Juvenile Instructor*, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City Utah.



Cross-Word Puzzle—Rivers in Utah

HORIZONTAL

1. Happening
5. Out of style; out of date
10. Donate
11. Row
12. A river in Utah
14. Wait upon
15. Be indebted to
17. Err
19. Definite article
20. Definition (abb.)
22. Soon
23. Covering of nuts
24. Consumed
26. Man's name shortened
28. Unconscious condition
30. Unmarried (abb.)
31. A river in Utah
33. Lariat
36. Land measure
37. Perceived
38. Low—as referring to tides
39. Trial






VERTICAL




1. Urge on
2. A river in Utah
3. First woman
4. Formerly
6. Consumed
7. Title of respect
8. A river in Utah
9. Before
13. Negative
14. Perceive
16. A river in Utah
17. A river in Utah
18. At present
20. Owning and unpaid
21. A river in Utah
24. Abb. for name of a southern state
25. Elongated fish
27. At one time
28. To move the foot forward
29. Gone by
30. Employs
32. Man's name
35. Perceive



Mr. Mixie Magpie

XI.




"O MIXIE!" cried Bobette, running down-stairs two  at a time, to where the  sat on his  in the living-room, "Jack Frost came last night and I suppose he opened all the  on the , so to-day we'll go a-nutting."



So Bobette ate her -ful of oatmeal, and Mixie ate his breakfast of rice, then Bobette took Mixie on her right , and a basket in her left , and down the



 she went to get Buzz. "Who-oo, who-oo," she called when she came near Buzz's ,

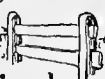


before she reached it,  came running out. "Let's go a-nutting, Buzz," said . "Wait till I get my ,

said Buzz. "It's in the wood-shed," said Buzz's mama, standing in the .

"Don't go very far, dears, and come home for your luncheon." "We'll only go as

far as the big  down by the ,

said . The first nut-  was

near the  in the  pasture, but when they came to it there was a loud chattering and scolding in its , and a great many birds seemed to be



good; pick it up!" That made them look all around to see what he could be talking about, and so they found and took him along, too. Four little furry



came mewling out through the when opened them.

The were nowhere to be seen; but Pinny and Gig, the two little guinea



were sound asleep, downstairs in their cage- opened the upstairs,



and shut down the little door at the top of the in the so that Pinny, and Gig couldn't get up to



trouble the sick . Then he made a bed of ,



and laid on it very carefully. "Let's put



in to keep him from getting lonesome, while we go to ask your how to make him all



well," said . So sat on



the floor beside , and the



bird's bright looked at him

without a wink, but not one word

did say until the little



and little had reached the



; then they heard the

funny voice that sounded like a little old 's .

"Now will you be a good boy?" it said.





Now We Know

Friend: "Doctor, how do you manage to stand the high cost of living?"

Surgeon: "By cutting out something."

Oh, Mary, how Could You?

Cruel!: "Can you drive with one hand?"

"You bet I can."

"Then have an apple."—Life.

Then he Swore

It was a dark night and the cyclist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post.

With great difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match, and read, "Wet Paint."

Misunderstood

"Did I understand you to say that your neighbor's boy was the support of the family?"

"Good heavens, no! I said the sport of the family."

The Tale of a Shirt

Rastus was proudly sporting a new shirt when a friend asked, "How many yards does it take for a shirt like that?" Rastus replied, "I got three shirts like this out of one yard last night."

A Bit Foggy

Little Boy (at school): "The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

Teacher: "Wherever did you get that information?"

Little Boy: "From this book, miss. It says the population of London is very dense!"

Nothing Fancy Wanted

A man with a bad cut on his forehead went into a surgeon's office for treatment, and inquired in advance about the prices.

"It will cost you about \$10 to have that scalp wound sewed up."

"Gee, Doc, I don't want no hemstitching or embroidery. I just want a little plain sewing."

As Usual

Master (to student entering class late): "When were you born?"

Student: "On the second of April." "Late again!"

A Boy with a Heart

Tom: "Pa, you remember you promised me five dollars if I passed in school this year."

Pa: "Yes."

Tom: "Well, you ain't gonna have that expense."—The Congregationalist.

Furnishing a Substitute

Old Lady: "Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor: "Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

Sometimes a Plug Has to Pull it.

Bill: "Say, do you know an easy way to find the horse power of a car?"

Jones: "No. How?"

Bill: "Just lift the hood and count the 'plugs'."—Science and Invention.

Burbankism

A certain man has a wonderful garden, where he grows water-melons.

"How do you put the water in the water-melons?" a facetious friend asked him.

"Oh, I plant the seeds in the spring," he said.

Words of Kindness

An American, newly arrived, went into a London teashop, took a seat, and waited. Presently a bright-eyed waitress approached him and asked: "Can I take your order?"

"Yes. Two boiled eggs and a kind word."

The waitress brought the eggs, and was moving on when the 'American' said: "Say! What about the kind word?"

The waitress leaned over and whispered, "Don't eat the eggs."



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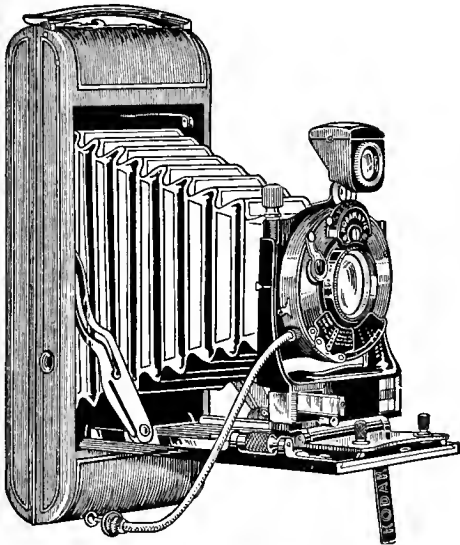
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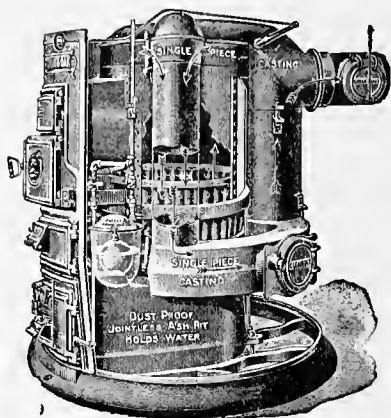
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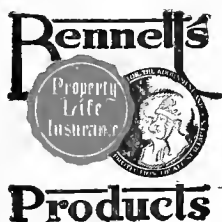
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